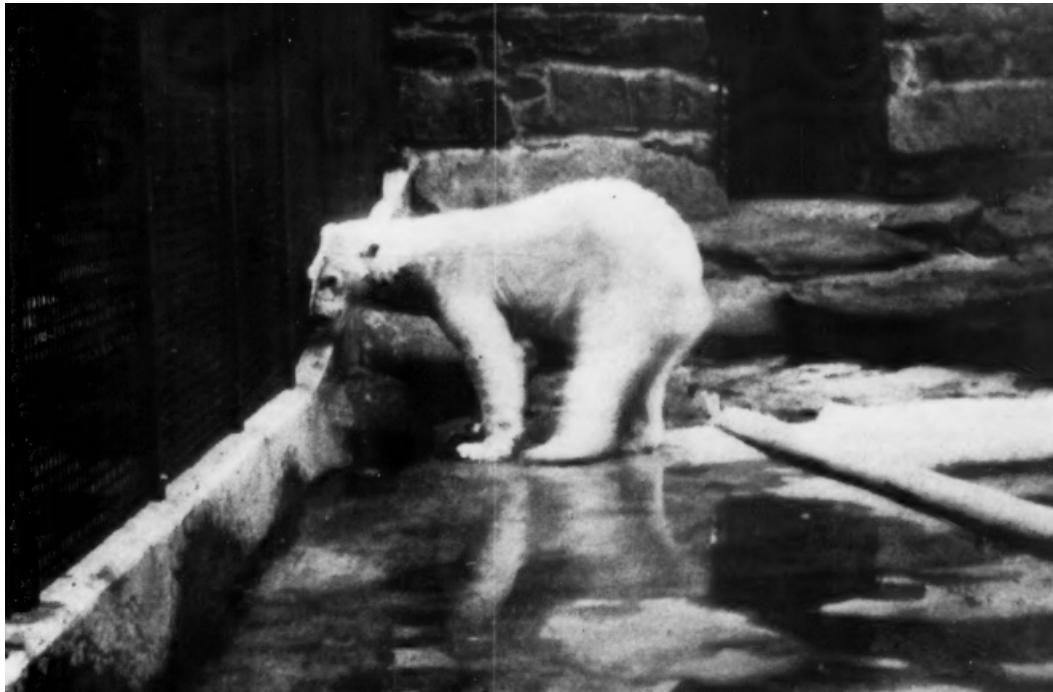


Non-Fiction From Periodicals - 1927



Nanook the Polar Bear, 1927, from *Outdoor Life*

IF POOR RICHARD WERE HERE!

Editor

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It is an appropriate and should be a profitable thing to commemorate the birthday anniversary of Benjamin Franklin every year with a Thrift Week, for the promotion of that homely virtue of which he was one of the world's chief apostles. Yet we cannot help reflecting, somewhat grimly, we are afraid, upon what would be his sentiments and his vigorous words, if he were permitted to revisit the glimpses of the moon and observe the appalling thriftlessness which has long prevailed in the republic which he so greatly helped to found. For the fact is that our wastefulness of three of our very greatest natural resources has for years been one of the most amazing and most discreditable phenomena in the economic history of the world.

COAL. Men still living and resentful at being called old remember reading in their school textbooks that the coal deposits in a single State of this Union were sufficient to supply all possible needs of the entire nation for centuries to come. Since then

deposits have been opened up in a dozen other States. Yet today expert engineers are computing the measurable time that will elapse before our coal beds are practically exhausted, at least beyond the limits of profitable working. And men who know the business best declare that of all the coal taken from our mines, probably fifty per cent. has been wasted before reaching the place of consumption.

TIMBER. We used similarly to be told that the forest wealth of America was practically inexhaustible; sufficient to supply the whole world for centuries to come. But today something resembling a lumber famine prevails. Prices have increased five hundred per cent., and more and more we are drawing our supplies from foreign lands. It is true, of course, that the manufacture of paper and other causes have enormously increased the consumption of timber. Yet it is a truism of the trade that fifty per cent. of the available forest growth that has now vanished was not used at all, but was simply wasted and destroyed, either carelessly or wantonly. And such a thing as scientific forestry, aiming to cultivate woodlands instead of merely cutting them off, and to replant forests as fast as they are cut, has scarcely been dreamed of on any considerable scale. Today we are dependent upon other countries for wood, and have so far denuded our land of trees that it would take fifty years of the most ample effort to restore us to a self-supplying basis.

WATER. There are few countries of the world so richly endowed with natural water supplies, for both potable and industrial purposes, as the chief industrial States of this Union; yet there are few that have so greatly neglected and abused the gift. We have allowed millions of horsepower, for industrial uses, to flow to the sea unutilized, while we have gone on consuming millions of tons of coal and millions of barrels of oil for which the water would have provided a preferable substitute and which it would have enabled us to conserve for other uses. A large part of our supply of potable water has been lost to us by our practice of the stupid and filthy rule that the only way to dispose of sewage is to pour it into the nearest river or lake; until now our great cities are put to great expense and are driven far afield to find enough for their supposed needs. But even in such circumstances, profligacy prevails; for in the average large city from twenty-five to fifty per cent. of the water that flows through the mains is not used at all, but absolutely wasted. Yes; it would be mightily interesting to have Ben Franklin

come back and tell us what he thought of us. Indeed, though, it should not be necessary for our information or our admonition. To every man of vision and imagination there must be a spiritual radio broadcasting from the Elysian Fields!

MEXICAN RELATIONS

It is impossible to avoid now and then contrasting conditions upon the only two foreign land frontiers of the United States. Along that at the North, from the Atlantic to the Pacific elsewhere in this issue referred to as “the most beautiful boundary on earth”, no fortifications exist, no troops are massed, no wars are waged nor rumors of wars arise, but peace and profound mutual confidence have prevailed unbroken for much more than a hundred years. Along that at the Southwest, about half as long, also from sea to sea, during most of the time for four-fifths of a century, suspicion, unrest, antagonism and frequent disturbances have prevailed, with several acts of outright war, and an incessant watchfulness of armed forces. The difference between the two could scarcely be greater or more significant than it is.

We may charge it in part to the radical differences of race and of civilization. But we must also recognize the fact that the regrettable conditions along our Mexican border have largely been also the fault of the two countries. The instability of government which for much of its history has been unhappily characteristic of Mexico, and the easily explicable preference of revolutionists for the American border as a field for operations, must be reckoned to have been a prolific source of trouble; not infrequently aggravated by filibustering or other operations from our side of the line. Nor do we absolve ourselves from blame. The war of eighty years ago has been condemned by foremost Americans as severely as by the Mexicans themselves. Nevertheless 1867 may fairly be regarded as atonement for 1847. If at the earlier date we spoliated Mexico, at the later one we saved her from extinction; of which the death of “Poor Carlotta!” this present year has been a pathetic and tragic reminder.

If therefore we may scarcely hope to duplicate along the Rio Grande the fortunate conditions which exist on the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, there could be and there should be a marked amelioration of those which have prevailed there during most of the time since the abdication of Porfirio Diaz. It should be remembered that twenty-five years ago the two countries set an inspiring example to the world, by submitting an important and long-standing controversy to TM Tribunal of Arbitration at The Hague—the first ever brought before it—and by loyally accepting

and fulfilling its verdict. Certainly neither of the two should be averse or reluctant to follow their own example.

THE FLICKERING OF “FLAMING YOUTH”

The painfully obvious and indisputable “wave of crime” which has for some time been widely prevalent, and the apparently authentic statistics of a marked increase in juvenile and adolescent delinquency, have set sociologists, educators and others to discussing the subject of moral and religious training for the young, with some significant results. The statements have been made, on what seems good authority, that more than eighty per cent. of all crimes from murder down to petty misdemeanors are committed by persons less than twenty-two years old; that the average age of burglars has decreased in ten years from twenty-nine to only twenty-one years; that fifty-one per cent. of automobile thefts—which involve values of tens of millions of dollars a year—are committed by persons under eighteen; and, most pitiful and shameful of all, that forty-two per cent. of the unmarried mothers are schoolgirls averaging sixteen years of age. That secular education should be an efficient agency for combatting such conditions is often insisted upon. Yet that theory is confronted with such facts as this: That in the State of New York in three years more than six hundred million dollars have been spent on public school education, and in those same years more than fifty thousand of the pupils in those schools were sent to prison as convicted criminals. That religious instruction, in church Sunday schools, should be effective, might perhaps reasonably be expected, if it existed to any general extent. But we are told that it reaches scarcely thirty per cent. of the children; so that seventy per cent. of the children of America are growing up without moral or religious instruction of any kind in the schools.

There remains the home, or what is left of it. The original American principle was that children should receive moral instruction, discipline and guidance from their parents. Statistics of the practice of that theory are, manifestly, unavailable; and the opinions and estimates of shrewd observers would have too cynical a tone to be repeated. But the failure of the home thus to function is proclaimed unmistakably in the appeals that are made for the teachers in the schools to undertake such work. At a recent convention of educators in Oregon a large part of the discussions

urged the “obligation” of teachers to develop moral character in their students. One leading speaker called upon his fellow teachers to help to “give children internal control now that they have renounced external control”; though he does not seem to have told by what right of common sense or reason children are permitted to “renounce external control”. Lowell wrote that “The Ten Commandments will not budge.” Are we to understand, however, that the Fourth has been abrogated? Another speaker insisted that teachers must “help in the reorganization of homes which have gone askew”. A pious work, truly! But is the young normal school graduate to undertake the instruction of the fathers and mothers as well as of the children of the community? And still another speaker, representing the parents of the community, pleaded with high school deans that “they train girls in right standards and ideals”; as though girls were to wait until they reached high school before being thus trained!

It was refreshing, after such futile babblings, to hear words of truth and reason from so eminent an authority as Dr. Henry Suzzallo, who recently retired from the Presidency of the University of Washington; words to be commended to every teacher, still more to every church, most of all to every parent in the land. “The school,” he said, “is an institution preëminently devised to deal with intellectual things. The average critic of our schools expects them to do things they were never designed to do. He expects them to develop triple-A high moral character, which is primarily the function of the home and the church. I love my job as schoolmaster, but I am not going to take responsibility for the development of those things in youth which are left undeveloped by the breakdown of other institutions.” “Flaming youth” may be admirable, if the flame be constant, luminous and serene. But if it is to be kept from flickering and flaring and consuming itself in ruin, the hand that steadies it should be the hand that lighted it. President Coolidge was everlastingly right in saying that the hope and strength of America are in the homes and at the hearthstones of the people. Pedagogics, sociology, penology and all the rest of the social sciences can never contrive nor discover a substitute for parental authority and domestic influence.

TURMOIL ON THE YANGTSE: A JAPANESE VIEW

BY K. K. KAWAKAMI

ibid

CANTON, long a retreat of “pink” idealists and “red” mountebanks, of honest patriots and scheming fire-eaters, has startled the world, much as a thunderclap out of the blue, by a sudden and unexpected sortie into the rich Yangtze Valley five hundred miles away. Its repercussion has been immediate and far reaching, as the Yangtse is the greatest artery of international trade in China, with enormous foreign, especially British, capital invested in the vast territory along its course. So profound has been the impression made upon the Powers by the spectacular military successes of the Cantonese expedition that they have been compelled to readjust their attitude toward a Government which they have for years denounced as Bolshevick or at best ridiculed as a castle in the air.

Canton’s hostility toward Peking goes back to the very beginning of the Republic, when Yuan Shi-kai, leader of the northern militarists, snatched the fruits of the revolution from the hands of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, idol of the Cantonese and the logical man to be the first President of China. ‘Toward the end of 1911, when the revolution was still aflame on the Yangtse, the Provisional Assembly at Nanking acclaimed Dr. Sun as President. At the same time Yuan Shi-kai, shrewd, ambitious, heir to the imperial traditions of the Manchu dynasty, was firmly ensconced at Peking and showed no intention of relinquishing his power. It was a far cry from Nanking to Peking, and the revolutionists, militarily unorganized and financially exhausted, could not follow up their initial victory with an expedition to the northern capital. They knew that unless Yuan was won over to their side by some peaceful means the country could not be unified. In the interest of national welfare, Dr. Sun resigned the Presidency and offered the honor to Yuan Shi-kai, who accepted it with alacrity, if with feigned modesty. As a safeguard against Yuan’s imperialistic aspirations the Republicans proposed that Nanking be made the seat of the new Government, and that the President-elect take office there instead of at Peking. The reason was obvious. Nanking was the centre of the revolutionary movement, Peking the haunts of imperialism. Could Yuan Shi-kai only be persuaded to come to Nanking, his dictatorial ambitions, the Republicans believed, would be curbed. But Yuan proved more than their equal in strategy. He declined to budge, and inaugurated

himself as President at Peking in March, 1912. Defeated in their first manoeuvres, Dr. Sun and his followers devised a second line of defense in the shape of a Constitution conceived to forestall the arbitrary measures which they knew Yuan would adopt. The Constitution conferred upon the Legislature power to elect President and Vice-President, to approve or reject foreign treaties and foreign loans, to pass upon the appointment or dismissal of Cabinet officials made by the President, and to impeach the President. The resourceful Yuan was fully aware of the motives of such provisions, and accepted the Constitution with no intention of observing it.

The upshot of it all was that Dr. Sun, his Nationalist Party, and the Constitution were reduced to nonentity at Yuan's hands. Again Dr. Sun took to the path of revolution, keenly conscious of the blunder he had committed in compromising with Yuan Shi-kai. In 1913 and 1915 his followers made unsuccessful attempts to start uprisings in the South. When President Yuan died in June, 1916, the long-awaited opportunity of the Nationalists seemed at last to have come. Dr. Sun, with a fleet of warships whose commanders were in sympathy with him, left Shanghai that summer and organized at Canton a Government of his own—a Government which for ten years stood its ground against the intermittent assaults of the northern militarists.

From Canton's point of view, therefore, the revolution which started in the winter of 1911 is not yet ended. It regards as a usurper whatever Government is set up at Peking under the protection of this or that militarist. It does not recognize foreign treaties and obligations contracted by such governments. Even the International Tariff Conference, for which the United States was largely responsible, Canton looked upon as a gratuitous undertaking calculated to benefit only the self-seeking war lords and their puppet politicians. To toll the knell of that conference was} indeed, one of the chief purposes of the present Cantonese expedition into the Yangtse regions. The onslaught commenced last July when the phantom cabinet improvised at Peking by Generals Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin was moving heaven and earth to persuade the Powers to reopen the tariff conference which had adjourned without results because the Government which called the parley had ceased to function. The Nationalists at Canton, opposed to the conference from the beginning, immediately assumed the offensive and launched a vigorous assault

upon the forces of Wu Pei-fu, five hundred miles from Canton. They hoped that the Powers, taking cognizance of their demonstrated puissance, would recall from Peking their respective delegations to the tariff conference. It was about this time that the Nationalist Government cabled Senator Borah asking him to employ his good offices to bring about American withdrawal from the conference. The United States sponsored the tariff conference with the best of intentions, yet internal conditions in China are such that her endeavor in this respect has been resented by a faction which now controls most of the provinces south of the Yangtse.

In the Yangtse Valley, the British have the greatest commercial interests. The wharves, railway concessions, and other important enterprises along the great watercourse are mostly in British hands. The long-standing enmity of the Cantonese towards England is, therefore, particularly noteworthy at this moment. We may forget the Opium War. We may ignore the Nanking Treaty of 1842, the first of the so-called “unequal” treaties under which China has been chafing. The more immediate cause of Cantonese hostility to England is the support extended by her to the enemies of the Nationalists. It was largely British capital which financed Yuan Shi-kai and his imperial schemes. After the Yuan régime came to an end in 1916, England cast about for another “strong man”, and finally fixed upon Wu Pei-fu as the man to unify the distracted country. How far the British committed themselves to the cause of General Wu is a matter of conjecture. But the Cantonese are convinced that British support was responsible for Wu’s spectacular ascendancy in the years 1921-1923.

In addition there was a protracted dispute between the British and the Cantonese over the collection of customs duties at Canton. This, of course, was not particularly British business, but a part of the general work of the Maritime Customs. But it so happens that the Maritime Customs is practically administered by the British, and that at Canton in particular the customs officials are mostly British. Dr. Sun Yat-sen contended that the surplus of the receipts of the Canton customs was deliberately turned over to Wu Pei-fu or whatever militarist happened to be in power at Peking, thus materially helping the cause of the northern “usurpers”. He was not entirely unreasonable. It was not his intention to dispute the validity of the Powers’ claim to the customs revenues so far as these

revenues were employed to meet the obligations and loans contracted by China as a whole. "I am willing," he said to me in 1922, "to provide guarantee that our share of the customs receipts will be deposited in the designated foreign banks for the service of such loans, and, if necessary, to go still further and guarantee that if the Canton customs revenues fall short of our quota of the service of the foreign loans, I shall make up the deficit with revenues from other sources." What he objected to was the handing over to the Peking Government of that part of Canton customs revenue remaining after the necessary sums were paid to meet foreign obligations.

In December, 1923, Dr. Sun threatened to seize the Canton customs, as his protests had been ignored. Whereupon foreign Powers, principally Britain and the United States, rushed gunboats up the Pearl River, and threatened to intervene should Sun Yat-sen dare lay his hands upon the customs. The Nationalists, confronted by an imposing flotilla of twenty-one foreign warships, were cowed into submission. For this Sun Yat-sen never forgave America.

From that time the Nationalists redoubled their energy to stir up discontent and unrest among the Chinese laborers in Hongkong and Canton to the detriment of British shipping and commerce. Things were in this state of ferment when on May 30, 1925, the British police in the foreign concession at Shanghai, in an effort to subdue a mob of Chinese strikers from Japanese cotton mills, killed and wounded a number of them. The impact of the incident was at once felt at Canton. On June 23 the students of the various colleges and schools in Canton held a parade to demonstrate their anti-British spirit. As the paraders were passing by the British side of Shameen, the foreign concession, the British and French machine guns opened fire, resulting in the killing and wounding of a few Chinese students. Thereupon the Nationalist Government demanded of the British and French Consuls adequate apology and indemnity, the surrender of Shameen to the Canton Government, and the withdrawal of all foreign warships from the Pearl River. These demands were rejected on the ground that the paraders were the first to fire shots, killing a Frenchman and three Englishmen. In reply the Cantonese declared a general strike and boycott against the British and French, especially the former. Immediately British shipping was paralyzed, and British trade and enterprise suffered a serious setback. Alarmed by this condition, the British Administration

at Hongkong sought a "peace conference" with the Nationalist Government. When the parley opened last summer Canton brought forth demands which Hongkong was not prepared even to consider. Inevitably the parley petered out without agreement. It was about this time that the British press, especially of the Conservative school, sounded a note of warning against what it considered the too lenient policy of Downing Street towards China. The British residents in the Far East had been restive, deploring that their Home Government should watch with folded arms the drift of events in China. Nevertheless, the British policy continued to be moderate. Even when General Yang Sen seized two British steamers at Wanhhsien on the Yangtse last September, and fired upon the two British gunboats which attempted to restore them, Britain took no punitive measures. With the alliance with Japan a thing of the past, she found it inexpedient to take such steps single-handed.

So conciliatory indeed was England that last September she seriously considered the proposal of the Nationalist Government to lift the anti-British boycott, provided Britain would acquiesce in the levying by the said Government of two and a half per cent. and five per cent. surtax on ordinary imports and luxuries, respectively, over and above the usual treaty rates. Recognition of such a prerogative for Canton would be tantamount to recognizing two Governments in China, for the Government at Peking still claims to be "central". Moreover, the imposition of such surtaxes would violate China's treaties with the Powers. Obviously the question was one which could not be settled by England alone. When in November the diplomatic body at Peking decided that the Canton proposal could not be entertained without due process of treaty revision, the Nationalist Government retorted that it did not recognize any diplomatic body accredited to a Government illegally organized and incapable of representing the nation. Meanwhile, Canton, hoping to win British recognition, had announced the termination of the anti-British boycott, which had lasted for more than sixteen months. This announcement, however, has proved a mere gesture, for the anti-British agitation is not only being carried on at Canton, but has been extended into the vast Yangtse Valley where British interests are even greater than at Canton. Only a few days after the above announcement the Canton-Hongkong strikers' union resolved that "in order to consolidate and increase the revolutionary forces the old form of blockade shall be changed to a new boycott movement to be extended throughout the country

until a satisfactory settlement is reached of the May 30 (Shanghai) and June 23 (Shameen) shooting cases, and of the cancellation of the unequal treaties.” They called upon all classes of people to join “in a general movement to sever economic relations with the British”, and urged upon the Government that the revenue raised by surtaxes be used to subsidize the strikers. Apparently confounded by this obstinate opposition, the British Chargé d Affaires at Peking, in the now celebrated memorandum of December 18, expressed sympathy with the Nationalist movement and urged the liberalization of the Powers’ policies along certain lines. Evidently the note, though addressed to the diplomatic body at Peking, was aimed at Canton. As such it has proved a complete failure, for Canton has ridiculed it as an insincere volte face.

In all this turmoil and upheaval it is a singular phenomenon that Japan has been comparatively immune from harm. It may be that the Chinese strategy is “divide and rule”—to separate Japan from England. But the more important reason, as the Japanese see it, lies in Japan’s changed policy towards China. Japan, like Britain, erred much, especially in the years 1915-9. Happily her blunders have not been in vain, for she has learned that “helping” China with reckless loans is as unwise as foisting unreasonable demands upon her. In the last few years her attitude towards China has been such as to commend itself to the respect of the Chinese, especially of the liberal class. This new policy has not been pleasing to such militarists as Tuan Chi-jui or Chang Tso-lin, always soliciting Japanese aid. What, indeed, would Chang Tso-lin, war lord of Manchuria, say if Japan were to accept the inevitable and to extend recognition to the Nationalist Government? Surely the Manchurian will leave no stone unturned to dissuade Japan from such a course. He might even resort, as he has often been inclined to do, to what would amount to blackmail by intimating that, if Japan would not stand by him, and him alone, he would invite a third Power or Powers into Manchuria to the detriment of her interests. Yet Japan cannot ignore the obvious fact that Chang Tso-lin is neither a popular nor a righteous man, and that the Nationalist Government, despite its “red” tendencies, has many commendable qualities. Japan’s course, therefore, should, and will, be guided by impartiality, keeping aloof from factional feuds even at the risk of alienating the friendliness of the Manchurian war lord. Is it not significant that in recent years Japanese gunboats in China’s inland waters have been less conspicuous

than British or American warships? As this is written America has twenty-one warcraft, England nineteen, and Japan ten, at Shanghai and along the Yangtse.

And what of the future of China? Will she forever remain a house divided against itself? Or will the Nationalists ultimately realize their cherished hope of unification? And if so, will they make good their repeated threats to doom all the "unequal" treaties of China? "Such is a policy," says the Nationalist Government's note to the American Minister at Peking, "that has been brought definitely within range of practical politics and proved both practicable and expedient by the bold statesmanship of Soviet Russia." With Canton speaking in such tones, Peking, for obvious political reasons, cannot afford to lag behind. The result is that each tries to outdo the other in the gentle art of embarrassing the foreign Powers. What wonder that Canton's seizure of the British concession at Hankow has been followed by Peking's suggestion that the Powers surrender the concession at Tientsin? The Powers, caught between two fires, seem at a loss to know what should be done. Baron Shidehara, Japan's Foreign Minister, asked by Peking to negotiate for the revision of the Chino-Japanese treaty on the basis of equality, replied that his Government is "ready to enter into negotiations for the revision of the tariffs and of the commercial articles of the treaty of 1896". "Nor does the Japanese Government," he added, "intend to limit the scope of negotiations to these matters," but it "is willing to consider sympathetically the wishes of the Chinese Government for a more extensive revision of treaty provisions." This undoubtedly will be Japan's attitude whether she deals with Peking or with the Nationalist Government. It is in line with a resolution offered by Representative Porter in the House of Representatives on January 5, and in the main, coincides with the policy outlined in Secretary Kellogg's statement of January 27. Japan, in deference to the Washington Treaty of 1922, would settle the question of surtaxes at a conference of the signatory Powers, but on the more fundamental matters such as tariff autonomy and extraterritoriality she does not feel herself bound to take joint action with other nations. It is reported that Tokyo has already started "conversations" with both Peking and Canton, anticipating that the two will eventually unite. Having recognized Soviet Russia, Japan should have no fear in dealing with Canton, whether its color be "pink" or "red". Is it not possible that the "red" professions of the Nationalists are just a gesture, meant to scare the

Powers into making concessions, and that they, when placed in a responsible position, will prove themselves ready to deal reasonably with any Power which is itself reasonable?
Who knows?

“The New Haiti”

By Rayford W. Logan

APRIL, 1927 OPPORTUNITY

THE latest explosion of fulsome praise heaped upon the American administration of Haiti bursts forth from an article in the February issue of the Review of Reviews. The author of the article, Dr. Elwood Mead, was in Haiti at the same time that I was last summer. On August 20 he addressed a meeting of American officials at the American Legation in Port-au-Prince. I remember quite vividly the wild efforts of Haitian editors to discover the subject of the meeting. Since no Haitian was permitted to be present, their task was by no means an easy one.

But news finally leaked through just as it did in colored regiments during the war. As reported by Le Nouvelliste of August 24, Dr. Mead “spoke of the English methods in New Zealand and even of American methods colonization in the ‘Far West.’ Dr. Mead is reported as having voiced the grave opinion that Haitian labor is unfitted for the task of large-scale production. And, consequently, he would be in favor of a new race of immigrants in Haiti.

... That is not all. It seems that in answer to a question by Major Cooke (Chief of the Engineer Corps) to know what to do if the Haitians refused to pay the taxes on their land, Dr. Mead is reported to have said: “Take the land’.”

Whether the meeting is correctly reported or not, one fact is evident. At a meeting of the most vital importance to Haitian interests not a single Haitian farmer, land-owner, or government official was allowed to be present, either to submit the Haitian

point of view, or to give information. Dr. Mead stops off in Haiti on a voyage from Australia to Cuba, takes a flying trip to the Artibonite Valley, lays down a policy for the Americans and comes back to write about "The New Haiti."

II.

So much for the man; now for the article.

The choicest contribution to history is a needlessly naive statement on page 177: "At the request of the helpless people in the country, the United States landed Marines at the capital." Until this dictum we have always been informed that the Marines were landed because the outbreak of July 27, 1915, endangered American life and property. Dr. Mead paints quite vividly the brutal massacre which precipitated the uprising, but fails to tell us how the "poor helpless" people got word to Admiral Caperton in time for him to steam into the harbor of Port-au-Prince on the following day. We should like to know, for example, whether they used the radio, telegraph, or arm signals. We should also like to know why Admiral Caperton had been at Cape Haitian awaiting just such a contingency. Finally, we should like an explanation of the coincidence which made this request come at the very time when all of the European countries interested in Haiti were engaged in the World War. One can not be blamed for looking with suspicion upon Dr. Mead's other conclusions after such a deliberate distortion of the actual facts.

On page 175 we read: "The treaty when first signed was to operate for ten years." Correct. "It has now been renewed for another ten years." But how? Since the esteemed doctor does not tell us, we must seek our information elsewhere. In 1917, one year after the first treaty had gone into effect, the American officials realized it was already evident that ten years would not be sufficient to civilize this country of cannibals and cut-throats. They therefore decided among themselves that the treaty would have to remain in force for another ten years.

President Dartiguenave, as late as 1921, did not know of any renewal. A prominent member of his Cabinet knew nothing about it until he had left Haiti to represent his country in a foreign republic. The only conclusion is that the treaty now in operation was forced upon the helpless island.

On page 178 appears the appalling accusation:

“Ninety per cent of the people were infected with syphilis.” In writing thus, Dr. Mead publishes a snap judgment that doctors who have been in the island for years are not yet ready to formulate.

Here is the opinion of a captain in the Medical Corps: “We do not yet know whether this disease—yaws—is syphilis or not. It has many of the characteristics of syphilis since it passes through a primary, secondary, and tertiary stage. But we do not believe that it is syphilis because no one ever dies from it, and, above all, because white people seem to be immune from it, whereas every one knows that white people die like flies from syphilis in China and Africa.” No statistics are available for the whole island, and my conclusion that perhaps thirty per cent of the people may have yaws is as sound as Dr. Mead’s guess that ninety per cent have syphilis.

It may be well to state here, however, that the Marine Medical Corps has done and still is doing splendid work in Haiti. Indeed, the only white American in all Haiti who really impressed me that he had any conception of the high ideals, which Dr. Mead indiscriminately ascribes to all Americans, was the captain in the Marine Medical Corps stationed at St. Marc in September of last year.

An interesting bit of information is found on page 177: “Mr. Cumberland’s (the Financial Advisor) first reform was to demonstrate that an official day in the Haitian government service did not end at noon, but included the afternoon as well.” It is unfortunate that Mr. Cumberland could not force the American Legation to set the example. Here the doors, after opening at nine in the morning, close at one-thirty in the afternoon.

II.

The splendid young Haitians in the constabulary are the recipients of special praise because they show what even cannibals may do as the result of “contact with American officers having high traditions of duty and service.” I am by no means hypersensitive about the opinion foreigners may have of our dashing officers, but God forbid that the colored officers of our army be judged by the lower ranks of the commissioned personnel in Haiti. Some of the Marine officers were “good scouts,” if you will, but as for high ideals—tommyrot! I saw non-commissioned officers in stevedore outfits in France who had higher ideals than some of those Marine corporals wearing shoulder bars in Haiti. It is no more possible to make them officers than it was to make Moliere’s M. Jourdain a “Bourgeois Gentilhomme.” And as for their wives! I remember one particularly. She used to come down to breakfast dressed as though she was going to the opera. I left the hotel where we were staying for fear that I would laugh aloud at her ludicrous mannerisms. For any one who has talent as a dramatist there is a wealth of material in the Marine lieutenants and their wives to write a new Sheridan’s “Rivals.” Incidentally, the best educated of the Haitians obstinately refuse service in the constabulary because they can not appreciate the “high ideals” of their tutors, and because they have learned that there is practically no chance to rise above the grade of lieutenant.

III

The American Forces of Occupation have been in Haiti for more than eleven years. There were at the time of Dr. Mead’s visit, eleven country schools (p. 177), and he informs us that General Russell hopes to build 300 of these country schools. If it took eleven years to build eleven schools, how many years will it take to build 300? Right.

Dr. Mead is a Reclamation Expert, but that does not qualify him as a pedagogue. As a matter of fact, his pedagogy is—what’s the word?—excruciating. He considers, for example, that the installation of radios

in constabularies is of greater educational value than the founding of schools. “A course of informing talks is being prepared in the native vernacular. In this way interest will be aroused and men and women started to thinking. Minds held in bondage for generations will be freed.” I understand now why \$40,000 could be spent in erecting a radio station in Port-au-Prince, while not one centime could be found to enlarge the one normal school in Haiti. I do not yet understand, however, why the education of adults is of more importance than the education of children. But I am more than fourteen years old, and, of course, my mind has ceased developing, for lo! these many years.

“The heads of its (the Vocational Training Department) different branches are nearly all graduates of American agricultural colleges.” And they all conduct their classes just as they would in America—in English. “They are introducing modern implements and improved breeds of cows, hogs, and horses.” These modern implements now have to pay a tax whereas under the “ignorant” Haitian government they came in duty-free. The improved breeds of cows, hogs, and horses soon degenerate into—whatever you would call curs in these respective stocks.

“President Borno is giving to these social and economic reforms cordial co-operation and support” (p. 177). In other words, he signs whatever Russell and Cumberland permit him to sign. Dr. Mead wisely refrains from telling us that that President Borno, according to his own written statement, is ineligible to be President, that before becoming the chief executive he was one of the most bitter opponents of the Occupation, and that at the present time the only man who is execrated more than Brigadier General Russell and Dr. Cumberland is President Luis Borno.

IV.

As was to be expected, Dr. Mead is lavish in his praise of the American-built roads. He contrasts the

present highways with the bypaths that were so bad that “most of the food of Port-au-Prince was brought to the market on foot or on donkeys.” And still is, my dear Doctor. I returned from Leogane one morning at an hour when our automobile could hardly move along at ten miles an hour for fear of running down the peasants with loads on their head and the burros with burdens on their back. There was absolutely no other mode of transportation.

“A motor car can now go from one end of the island to the other in a day.” Haiti is shaped something like a hatchet. If this statement is applied to crossing the handle end, well and good. Even that, however, is true only in dry weather. For in rainy weather, these roads are still impassable. An American member of the Vocational Training Department was unable to take me to Jacmel because the road had been washed out in dozens of places. Le Nowvelliste of September 7 contains the following item: “We have been requested to announce that the mail will not arrive from Jacmel until tomorrow since the rivers of that region are overflowing and will not permit automobiles to pass.”

Moreover, the main road from Port-au-Prince to Cape Haitian is in the same pitiable state. This fine road is only a dirt road covered with crushed stones. Besides, unless one is fortunate enough to own one's automobile, one is at the mercy of some chance traveler to make the trip. There is a 'bus from Port-au-Prince to St. Marc every other day. On the following day, one can push on to Les Gonaives and then trust to luck to get to Cape Haitian. The cheapest price that I could find for transportation from St. Marc to Cape Haitian was forty dollars. Not only is the trip expensive and arduous, but it is even dangerous. The crossing of Mount Pilboreau is a feat before which a cowboy — into a New York taxicab driver, might quail.

There is no indication in the article that there is a railroad in Haiti. The only reason that I can find

for Dr. Mead's silence is the assumption that he rode on it. I have traveled third-class from Salamanca to the Portuguese frontier, but could not find the courage to ride first-class from St. Marc back to Port-au Prince.

In spite of all this, one does owe a debt to Dr.

Mead for his frank statement as to what the future policy of the United States should be. Every American with whom I talked in Haiti and the Haitian Minister to Washington told me that the American forces, civil and military, will be withdrawn in 1936.

But, we are informed: "This is too soon. Not less than fifty years are needed to train the Haitians to be capable of self-rule." Here, briefly, is the way in which they are being trained. They are not allowed to vote on any matter. They are not allowed to elect a legislature in spite of the constitution, written in America by Franklin D. Roosevelt and imposed by Smedley Butler, which provides for a legislature elected every two years. The president is "elected" by a Council of State, named by the President and revocable by him at will.

Would to God that all the fine things depicted by Dr. Mead were true. Any visitor can see for himself that they are not. In their zeal to establish their case, Dr. Mead and others of his type seem to have forgotten the French proverb: "Qui veut trop prouver, ne prouve rien"—When you try to prove too much, you prove nothing.

The Talk of the Town
The New Yorker - Feb. 19, 1927

FOR THE BENEFIT of our older citizens we call attention to the fact that this periodical was born naked into the brutal world of letters two years ago this week. In other words, one hundred and four issues have been flung together and allowed to drift beneath the startled eyes of our readers. There

have been readers, it seems. Only this week did the dignitaries of our whirlwind business office disclose that our circulation is at least twice what we thought it ever would be, and this, too, in spite of our withholding sale in the provinces. At the same time they showed us a table in Printers' Ink, a thoroughly reputable publication, which, listing all the magazines of the world, showed us as fourth in the number of lines of advertising carried. During the last year great things were accomplished. We repeatedly called attention to the fact that the Elevated makes a lot of noise, and we complained about the impracticability of the information booth in the Pennsylvania station, to note later that it had been centered and appropriately staffed. We think of these upon the occasions when we have been made to feel that we are not doing Big and Serious Things. And we said that a new office building looked like a grain elevator and got sued for \$500,000, no less. Yet it must be admitted probably that, the world being what it is, we have found it difficult to be solemn. Perhaps this will all be changed. We still are young, and sordid material problems have continued to be practically insurmountable. Partitions, desks, telephones—where they all go; office boys whistling; words misspelled and commas out of place; an office of such unusual acoustical properties that even "Lipstick's" charming girlish shoutings are made to sound like a mob scene in "Lulu Belle." A new reception room papered in silver tea papers doesn't get all these things out of the way.

Nevertheless, with~ due humility,
we turn the page with a resolve to
do better in the future. We may
even, in the next twelve months,
develop a Righteous Cause or two and
become Important. We make no
promises, however.

"For Information," the sign on
the Vanderbilt chateau says,
“concerning improvement to be made
on this property, apply Cross & Brown
Company.” Without applying to
them, we bet that they can’t give us
one iota of information concerning
any improvement to be made on the
property at Fifth Avenue and Fiftyeighth
Street. Yet we also wager
(and this is what makes us sleepless)
that ninety-nine per cent of the population
will believe in all seriousness
that the fine big retail business building
—with modern plumbing and a
concealed water tank—which will rise
from the ruins of the chateau will
represent a Big Step Forward. It
will be taller, won’t it?

WE LAMENT, with just the
right amount of sentiment, the
quarrelings of the aviators. They have
come to the point now where they
won't sit at table with each other.
This spoils one of our more childish
illusions, which is that men who fly
are a little better off than most,
because they are a little
more imaginative.

It is too bad. In
this day, there are
few occupations
which retain much

of the viking hardihood; there is little
enough frontier ro
Pilots who carry mail over
stormy mountains
are still our heroes,
and we don't care who knows it. Yet
every day we read that there is jealousy
and monkey business in aviation.
First thing you know, someone will
tell us that steeplejacks have an
unhappy home life.

WE ARE in sympathy with Park
Avenue's fight against a bus line.
Not only that, we have a tangible
suggestion. The vent hole areas above
the New York Central tracks offer the
finest possibility in the island of Manhattan
for the construction of a modern roller
skating artery, slightly elevated,
with archways at cross streets.
It should be smooth as anything. We
guarantee that it would only be necessary
for one or two influential residents of
the Avenue to appear once
on skates, to have countless thousands
follow in their path—at what benefit
to legs and morals no one can estimate.

EDITORIAL - OPPORTUNITY APRIL 1927

TWO years ago the Des Moines (Iowa) Capitol,
reflecting at a comfortable distance, upon the
adoption by the State of Texas, of a law that
specifically barred Negroes from voting at Democratic
primary elections, called attention to certain of
the inescapable dangers to politics
bound up with this blind determination in practically
all of the Southern States to throttle Negro suffrage.

Southern States with a Presidential candidate,
this editor contends, require
no campaign funds; they stand as one man for the

Democratic nominee. When two or three Northern States go Democratic, "the battle is over and the Southern States have won." The battle is an unequal one, and there is a simple wisdom in his conclusion that "either the Negroes of the South should be given the ballot, or, in case they are denied, that denial should operate to reduce the representation which Southern States have in Congress."

The Supreme Court of the United States has just ruled against this Texas white primary law, affirmed by the Texas Supreme Court, declaring it unconstitutional. It has occasioned a shock to politics throughout the South. The shock, one suspects, is not from the mere declaration of unconstitutionality (any citizen who has read or even heard of the Constitution knows what is wrong with the Texas law), but from the sudden manifestation of a willingness on the part of the Supreme Court to question political procedure in the South. Every observation of the Capitol editor has found some new and acute manifestation, since utterance as mere philosophy, and it is becoming evident that inevitable forces, quite apart from Negro protest, are beginning to rebuke the system. The 18th Amendment is the most irritating of these; the South is "dry," politically. The alliance of Ku Klux Klan Americanism with fundamentalism, can possibly be traced in this sectional emphasis. Mr. William G. McAdoo, who hopes to represent the South as next President, usually an astute politician, in a speech at Toledo in January, felt that he was expressing this sectional sentiment when he proposed that Federal officers should be used by the President to take over police powers of Eastern States which decline to pass enforcement acts on prohibition, and that the Supreme Court should exercise the power he asserts that it has, to declare the Volstead Act still in force, even if Congress should repeal or modify it. He is by no means alone in his bitterness against Northern and Eastern nullification of the 18th Amendment, and what he proposes is, in essence, precisely the sort of "force bill" used by the North after the Civil War to insure the ballot to Negroes in the South.

Nullification

Agitation for the enforcement of the 18th Amendment is ridiculously without point, so long as the 14th and 15th Amendments remain unenforced, and it comes with least grace from the South, which is out-nullifying the North two to one. The position of the South on the 18th Amendment is relentlessly necessary to political cohesion; the political future of the section is curiously bound up with its support of the dry platform. An uncomfortable dilemma is impending.

A frankness now in discussing the various means by which Negroes are disqualified removes it from the protection of the tacit, gentleman's agreement, so long effective. It suggests that a need has been felt for further tactics, despite the disarming arrogance, which, except for some such exigency would be needlessly fool-hardy. Ability to read and write and understand the Constitution, and the paying of poll taxes, the only kind of disqualifying laws that can stand, were at one time quite effective in barring Negro voters. They offer slight restrictions now, with over eighty per cent of the Negroes literate, and many of them with a better understanding of the Constitution than the white Registrars. Moreover, such restrictions affected "poor whites" as seriously as-it did Negroes. This class is becoming increasingly self-conscious and is developing its own objectives, which, while perhaps no more friendly toward the Negroes than were those of the long ruling class, are nevertheless those of a newly articulate group. To this situation may be added the changes in sentiment which are following the industrialization of the South.

II.

While the Negro question alone could not stir the country to action on the anomaly of representation in the Lower House, the pressure of other interests is bringing it about. The 18th Amendment is a sufficient example of such non-racial forces. That same solidarity of the section, which has been forced by the silent shadow of the Negro, has expressed itself more than once in an incurable sectionalism, which

had but slight relation to the Negro question. The vulnerable points have long been history, but they will bear rehearsal in the light of the most recent situations. Every Southern State, which, by practice disqualifies Negroes from voting is over-represented is Clintend when it counts the Negro population in its quota, and all of these States count them. The Springfield (Mass.) Union draws out some compelling comparisons in the matter of voting: In 1924, in the State of Massachusetts, which is typically Northern in its election returns, about 46 per cent of the voting population went to the polls. In Alabama only 14 per cent of the voting population went to the polls, in Arkansas 16 per cent, in Florida 18 per cent, in Georgia 12 per cent, in Louisiana 13 per cent, in Mississippi 11 per cent, and in South Carolina 7 per cent. These low figures are promptly explained by the high proportions of Negroes in the populations of these States. They constitute 34 per cent of the population in Alabama, 27 per cent-in Arkansas, 34 per cent in Florida, 41 per cent in Georgia, 39 per cent in Louisiana, 52 per cent in Mississippi, and 52 per cent in South Carolina. The question may be approached differently: the eleven States, Virginia, Texas, South Carolina, North Carolina, Mississippi, Tennessee, Louisiana, Georgia, Arkansas, Florida, and Alabama have 104 representatives in the Lower House. If these were correctly apportioned according to persons eligible to vote, the eleven States, instead of 104 would have about 64 representatives. The loss of 40 votes in the House, as well as in the Electoral College, is a serious enough possibility to prompt new attitudes. For the loss of this power to the non-racial interests of the South, introduces a handicap more serious than has anywhere been involved in Negro suffrage. HE "Address to the Country" sent out from the National Negro Press Association, which met in Chicago last month, advised that migration of Negroes be discouraged beyond the point of normal distribution; that Negro physicians distribute themselves to the rural as well as urban districts; that the Negro

press commit itself to the conviction that economic freedom is the immediate need of Negroes; that it encourage Negro authors, the study of Negro history, and the entering of business of every character; that it not accept Jim Crow practices; that it commit itself to inter-racial relations "governed by a stalwart diplomacy born of the circumstances and prevailing conditions of the given age"; and to a program of education, "moral, spiritual and intellectual, rather than agitation as a solution of manifold injustices, including lynching."

The tone of this "Address," by its very moderation, bids for the largest volume of agreement possible, within a group naturally diverse in its opinions. It suggests a significant turning inward; and, although there appears nowhere any suggestion of the united policy of the Negro press with reference to current public questions with their sharp angles impinging upon the Negroes of the country, the resolutions skirt the borders of vital enough issues within the group.

While this committee, headed by Mr. Robert L. Vann, of the Pittsburgh Courier may be commended for its initiative in introducing these questions in the document for the public, there is some disappointment that the Association itself swung in an orbit so completely detached from the carefully worded resolutions of its delegated spokesmen. It would be interesting to know how those of the editors assembled in conference actually felt about the questions; none of the questions referred to was touched in discussions of the sessions; four members only, of the committee of ten appointed, met to draft them; they were offered for approval, elaboration or disapproval at a public session which less than a dozen of the editors attended; and the president, who alone commented, disapproved them, but did nothing about it.

The Negro Press Association

EVEN more than the American Press, the Negro Press, which is the organ of expression and

opinion making of a minority group battling for status, requires an effective, functioning Association. There were in attendance a few of the men who have made important contributions to Negro journalism; but a much larger number of them remained away. The printed program created hopes of discussions valuable to any such organization; but aside from the address of the president, Mr. Benjamin Jefferson Davis, of Atlanta, a sensible and forceful statement of some of the problems facing the Negro Press, delivered to about half of the fifty persons registered, and two interesting addresses on the subject of health by Dr. Algernon Jackson, of Washington, and the Chicago Health Commissioner, the impressive agenda remained practically untouched. There have been more useful years, and many of those who still cling to their membership, have shared in and contributed to them. At a time when it is very much needed, the vital spark seems to be flickering.

An Economic Consequence of Style

THE current feminine practice of bobbing the hair threatens to destroy the traditional Negro occupation of "barbering for white trade" in the South. Following the precedent set by Atlanta, Georgia, the General Assembly of South Carolina is considering the enactment of a law limiting the services of Negro barbers to their own race. The first shock of sobriety was occasioned by the warning of the Columbia (South Carolina) State, that the destruction of this age-old trade for Negroes would most certainly plant Negroes at the doors of the state's industries from which, to the present they have been successfully excluded without statutes. The Assemblymen are asked if they would "have Negro barbers appealing to their Northern friends to interfere lest they be injured in their trades." Of course, the law will not be enacted, and Negroes will not lose this trade. "The South," we are constantly assured, "is the Negro's best friend."

The Traffic in Women and Girls
The Spectator - March 19, 1927

LAST week we wrote of the invaluable routine work of the League of Nations, and referred briefly to the Report on the traffic in women and girls. This is a subject which deserves fuller treatment than we were then able to give it. If the League of Nations did not exist, one could have little hope of abolishing one of the vilest and most cruel trades in the world, for nothing is more certain than that preventive measures must be international. For a nation to act alone is as though a man should drive the rats out of his own house, but fail to take concerted precautions with his neighbours. These people who organize the traffic in women and children are human rats who deserve no quarter. They ought to be driven out of all their haunts in every country which calls itself civilized. Indeed, the conduct of any nation in regard to this infamy is in itself a very good test of civilization. It is true that before the League was created there was international action. It began in 1902, and fresh agreements were made in subsequent years, but it is evident now that many of those countries which ratified the agreements -- and by no means all civilized countries did ratify them -- have acted as though they had done nothing more than express a pious opinion. With the League applying the goads of monition and publicity, we have much stronger hopes that something will really be done.

A Report which has been drawn up by the Special Committee of experts who have been investigating the traffic for about three years has been presented to the League. The first part of the Report has reached London, and the League is considering whether the second part shall be published. Anyhow, a good deal is already known of the contents of the second part, through unofficial revelations at Geneva. No such painstaking investigation has ever before been made. Some members of the Committee, in order to arrive at

the facts, found it necessary to pretend that they were themselves engaged in the traffic. In this way they earned the confidence of the traffickers, and apparently they learned all that there is to know about the business.

The phrase “ White Slaves,” which is commonly used to describe the women and children who are decoyed to ruin, sounds so melodramatic that in the course of time it has tended, as all such phrases do, to defeat itself. The person who never speaks but in superlatives has no degree of emphasis left for the exceptional occasion. We cannot pay a higher tribute to the Report than to say that it gives a fresh significance and more than its old value to the term “ White Slaves.” What is required, apart from the stiffening up of regulations in the backward countries—this is, of course, the primary need—is the conscientious exchange of opinions. Rats are migratory animals ; it is necessary to be well-informed of their movements if any campaign of expulsion or slaughter is to be successful. The Republics of South and Central America, for instance, have hitherto offered little or no co-operation, and no one can be surprised at learning that there is a large export of European women and girls to those countries.

Bogus offers of employment in a foreign country are often the means of causing girls to become prostitutes, and such offers are sometimes made through so-called employment agencies. Still more serious, as one can easily imagine, are the dangers incurred by girls who + accept contracts to perform at cabarets and such-like places of amusement abroad. The Committee g. covered that girls engaged to dance and sing were often expected to become prostitutes as part of their ordinary duties. Contracts are quoted which prove that the girls who signed had no protection at all. The practice of allowing girls to mingle with the audience, and, still, of requiring them to sell drink, is simply asking for trouble—trouble for the girl, profit for the despicable third party (man or woman) who is the prevailing figure in this terrible trade.

The difficulties of suppression are, of course, very

great, but it is by overcoming them that the Leavy will be justified. One of the principal difficulties is the variety of moral standards in the different countries. There are many counterparts of the person described by Chaucer, who, though “a full vicious man,” could tell a moral tale. Was it not related of a madame who presided over a house of ill-fame that she protested that her house was admirably conducted, and that the young ladies attended prayers every day? Then there is the strange psychological fact that a girl having been betrayed by a man, who becomes her souteneur and who makes a living out of her degradation, may remain loyally attached to him for many years. One man whose confidence was obtained by an investigator said, “The kid I have got now is only nineteen, and shy never took a cent for it. Most of them are away from home. They don’t make much, and if you give them clothes and get them to like you, they go out and bring you in good money.” .

Nineteen years old, however, is not young for this ghastly trade. The Committee says that in one country—why is it not named ?—girls of fourteen and sixteen are admitted to licensed houses. Of course, this means that the age of consent is fixed very low indeed. In some countries it is as low as twelve. It must not be supposed, however, that all girls who sign away their freedom and accept ruin are the victims of their own recklessness.

Numerous instances are quoted of bogus marriages. By means of a bogus marriage, and perhaps a false passport, a procurer can carry off a perfectly respectable and circumspect child, particularly if there is as much laxity as the Committee found, for instance, in Romania and Poland.

We are glad to say that the Committee uncompromisingly condemns the system of licensed houses, which is not merely useless but harmful from the point of view of public health. The argument of public health used to be widely accepted, but it is steadily being abandoned as medical knowledge and experience grow. The method which has been adopted in several countries,

including Great Britain, of free treatment of disease at properly-equipped clinics, is by far the most satisfactory. The only satisfaction which Englishmen will have in reading this Report is that their own country comes well out of the inquiry. For the procurers, Great Britain is almost a sinking ship; for years the rats have been deserting it.

The League's Advisory Commission for the protection of young persons is to meet on April 25th, and will, no doubt, consider the Report. Let us hope that henceforward there will be no relaxation of effort. What is wanted to end White Slavery is the spirit of Granville Sharp, who fought the law in the interests of black slaves until he at last compelled it to say that "As soon as any slave sets his foot upon English territory he becomes free."

MUSIC, by Basil Maine
ibid

THE importance of technical mastery has been continually emphasized in the London concert halls of late. We have heard the Lener players, John McCormack, Mischa Elman, Leo Slezak, the Czech tenor, Gerhardt, Godowsky and Friedman, all great technicians in their different ways. Of these, Godowsky and McCormack appear to me to be the least fallible. Their achievement is of the very highest kind. Godowsky had not been heard here for thirteen years. The force of his personality lifted the heavy atmosphere of the ordinary recital. The easiest way to approach his work is to extol his marvelous efficiency, especially after hearing his own transcription of a Bach Violin Sonata. But he is not confined by merely physical considerations. Godowsky is not only a skilful but a poetic musician. I do not found this statement so much upon the copious programme notes attending his 'Java Suite,' as upon his playing of Chopin. Here it is that his full stature is revealed, for here we find the just balance and subtle mingling of imagination and technique. McCormack's art depends upon his audience's capacity for sentiment. The attributes of his vocal personality induce a mood of melancholy and wistful remembrance. When he

sings Respighi's *I lempi assai lontani* or *Peris Gioite a canto mio* the beauty of his tone calls up a world of happy far-off days. With the upward gesture of his voice we find that the horizon of our little world is lifted. Only the finest singing can summon us to rise above ourselves in this way. There were some in the Albert Hall who found themselves transported even during a song bearing the shameless title *Just for to-day*. McCormack had clothed its wretchedness with the graceful folds of an Italian aria.
him.

The technique of Jan Kiepura, who made his first appearance in England at a B.B.C. National Concert, is less assured, or rather it is less matured. But, for all that, his attainment is very remarkable. As a singer, he is richly endowed, and, considering his extreme youth (he is 25), he has accumulated a surprising amount of interest in the investment of his talent. I fail to understand the general attitude of the critics towards him. Many of them found no good quality in his voice. For my part, I found all the essentials of lyrical singing smoothness and roundness of tone, good resonance (although the voice is not big), a lovely *mezza voce* quality, and, as all these things imply, admirable breath-control. There were a few moments when his intonation was impaired, but these were obviously caused by his eager reaction to an enthusiastic audience. I pray that Kiepura will not be so foolish as to sanctify his easy success. It would be a tragedy if, through unwise stewardship, he failed to obtain his great inheritance.

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HAVE PAINTERS MINDS?

BY THOMAS CRAVEN

THE AMERICAN MERCURY - March 1927

A man puts a model before him and he paints it
'so meat as to make it a oo Now I ask any man of
sense, is that art?>—William Blake.

[According to] Tolstoy and Croce, innumerable theories of the beautiful have been propounded. It has been the dream of every philosopher of art to invent a perfect system of aesthetics, that is to say, to define the beautiful in absolute terms, and to

throw out of court all theories at variance with his own. I need hardly mention the manifest impossibility of such an undertaking. Any man who attempts to restrict art to a single hypothesis, whether psychological, social or moral, is an intellectual bigot or an ignoramus. I will go further: any man who declares that he has distilled the essence of the beautiful and formulated a method whereby a work of art may be infallibly analyzed, its appeal explained and catalogued, and its esthetic value appraised and tested, is a self-deceived braggart or a fraud. In either case he is a menace to honest appreciation. The net effect of all this speculation is that painting, the most perspicuous and apprehensible of the arts, has become, so far as the public is concerned, a complicated mixture of snobbery, metaphysics and chimerical nonsense. Moreover, the word art, etymologically a fitting or joining together, and originally applied to all forms of creeds.

Aristotle and Plotinus to Tolstoy's activity, has been arrogated to the narrow province of painting and has come to designate something unsubstantial and unhealthily refined—a mysterious and exotic affair, effeminate, charged with meanings outside the understanding of the ordinary mortal and permeated with the maunderings of the superior, highly sensitive soul. It is the practice of critics, when speaking of the artistry of writers, to refer to the pictorial qualities of word-painters and elaborate stylists like Poe, Pater, Stevenson, Wilde and Cabell, and not to the vigorous imaginative performances of Swift, Fielding, Mark Twain and Bernard Shaw.

Writers on art are the toughest nuts in the literary basket. They seem to be incapable of lucidity and common sense; as a rule they know little of the actual problems

of painting, and the best they can do is to deceive a public that knows less. At the one extreme we have mystics like Hegel, whose opaque philosophies, however remarkable they may be in the realm of abstract thinking, have no relation to observable phenomena and no validity in practical life; at the other we have the modern psychologists, equally inhuman in their approach, and for the most part mountebanks and opportunists. To the second group a work of art is “an organization of forms,” an assemblage of geometrical shapes independent of representative values and all the basic human attributes which connect the painter, if he is really alive, with the rest of mankind. Writers of this sort presuppose that psychology is a stable and exact science. According to their theories, certain combinations of forms inevitably evoke pleasurable emotional states. These curious trances are duly labelled, measured, and described in pseudoscientific terminology, and while it is true that only a few hedonic rhapsodists are permitted the luxury of pure esthetic appreciation, logically all who look at pictures should be stimulated in precisely the same manner. Thus Cézanne, the father of modern art, is a great man and entitled to a spacious niche in the history of human achievement because “he was able to integrate in recessive space, by means of juxtaposed planes and a knowledge of the exigencies of tri-dimensional design, solid units of form the harmonious totality of which induces in the beholder a profound feeling of plastic power.”

Now, I ask any man of sense, is that art? Suppose, for instance, that literary criticism were allowed such imbecilities of expression? Then Dr. Brandes, to attain the

eminence he deservedly enjoys, would only have to assert that Shakespeare is immortal because “he was endowed with a gigantic creative faculty which enabled him, by disregarding the tyrannies of established syntactical procedure, by extraordinary command over structural iambics, by elliptical interpolations, sequential anacoluthons, and feminine endings, to compose a world of rhythmical forms into which the reader cannot enter without experiencing a unique feeling of plastic ecstasy.” The sad thing about the psychological critics is that they cannot keep abreast of the latest discoveries in their own field. Once they grasp the significance of the behaviorists whose experiments have slowly but surely evaporated the stream of consciousness and crippled, if not destroyed, the old doctrine of visual images, they will have to begin all over again.

The monumental exception among writers on art is Tolstoy. This valiant Russian is about the only man, past or present, who challenged the pompous quacksalvers to talk sense, and who honestly endeavored to get at the bottom of the matter instead of trying to evolve impressive theories. Quarrel, if you will, with the primordial simplicity of his ideas; call him an arrant sentimentalist, a pedagogue, and a moralist; the fact remains that he put his full fighting strength into the task of rescuing art from supercilious voluptuaries and identifying it with the universal religious and social instincts of man. Oddly enough, Tolstoy is anathema to the highbrow Modernists. True, he took the mind out of painting and asseverated that all great art is or should be within the comprehension of peasants, but is not this good modern doctrine? Is it not the tendency of the most “advanced” artists of today to imitate and extol elementary works—the childishness of Rousseau, the douanier, Negro sculpture,

and the quasi-primitivism of Matisse—and to scorn such objects as might conceivably have called for the exercise of intelligence? Is not the current movement known as Expressionism an admission that what is demanded in painting is not brains, but instinct and feeling?

Of the journalistic scribes little need be said. I doubt if anyone reads them except, perhaps, a few jealous painters avid of the stale crumbs of publicity; certainly they are without influence. Their lot is pathetic: to review weekly the moribund wares of half a hundred fashionable charnel-houses not only in a mock-critical vein but in the capacity of news-gatherer, is a job beyond the powers of the critic of letters. For the literary man, however lowly, mercenary, or corruptible, must have at least a modicum of personality to gain an audience. Personality in the art critic is fatal. He must be sour, pretentious, obscure; he has no point of view and nothing to give in the way of enlightening comment and is forced to conceal his ignorance beneath a smear of spurious erudition and a windy display of technical jargon picked up in his occasional contacts with painters. Possibly the reader, despairing of the journalists, has sought guidance in the so-called standard authorities. If so, he has been confronted with a baffling array of mighty postulates. He has discovered that a work of art is:

1. An imitation of nature. (The movies, official portraiture, the photographs in the smutty “art magazines.”)
2. A universal quality. (Disease, ignorance and vice.)
3. seething which produces illusion. (Love.)
4. Anything leading to social uplift. (Nothing has ever done this.)
5. An expression. (The drawings of the Bush- men, Futurism, political speeches, jazz.)
6. Anything which causes pleasure. (Wine, women, and song.)

7. Significant form. (The aeroplane and the typewriter.)
8. Abstract form. (A contradiction in terms.)
9. Anything which brings us in contact with exceptional personalities. (The radio.)

Most of the theories of art, as I have pointed out, have been devised by critics unfamiliar with the concrete object. Taking for granted the supreme importance of painting, its “spiritual significance,” its symbolical distinction as “the flowering of the life-force,” and all the rest, they proceed to account for it in the manner of medieval eremites. Reduced to plain speech, their laws, though supposedly exclusive, may be applied to any manifestation of organic activity. On the other hand, writers driven by necessity into looking at pictures have a deliberate trick of erecting an insuperable technical barrier between artist and public. By limiting appreciation to painters and a few critics, they add to their prestige and raise themselves to the level of artists.

As a consequence, the importance of painting, as it exists today, is vastly overestimated, and second-rate artists, yes, even tenth-rate artists, are esteemed as more intelligent and more valuable to society than first-rate engineers, doctors and scientists. Let us examine categorically the various productions which the contemporary painter offers to the public in the Magic name of art.

II

The Nude.

Connoisseurs and artists assure us that the nude represents the pinnacle of plastic achievement. This dictum is consistent with the traditional hypocrisy and affectation of those whose lives are concerned with “pure beauty.” As a matter of truth, the naked female—male nudes are

comparatively rare, with the exception of those by Michelangelo, whose figures of both sexes are sublimated into heroic giants—is generally the lowest form of art inasmuch as its appeal is wholly sensual. The very eroticism which makes a man a painter tempts him to find in the nude a convenient and highly approved outlet for his concupiscence. If a man tells me that he abhors Gothic architecture, I can credit his conviction; if he swears that the music of Beethoven was inspired by the devil and that Dostoevsky was a raving maniac, I can still believe in his honesty; but if he attempts to persuade me that he looks at nude pictures in the spirit of cool esthetic detachment, enjoying only their “formal relationships,” I know that he is a liar. You will remember how prodigiously incensed was Mark Twain at the sight of one of Titian’s undressed ladies. The bare flesh he professed to tolerate—but the position of that hand! It was simply flagitious! If writers were accorded such privileges, the human race would soon go to the dogs! How we laugh today at Mark Twain’s Puritanism, but let us pause in our cachinnations long enough to bear in mind that our wise modern attitude is not a whit more esthetic than the righteous screams of the Missouri moralist. We have become unblushingly lascivious, that is all, and not one of us cares a hang for formal relationships. Ah, yes, but is not the body of woman a lovely thing, and does it not contain in a single unit all the forms and rhythms of nature? If woman were cast in the form of an Aztec god; if she were as grotesque as Congo sculpture, and as horrible as the synthetic monster fashioned by Leonardo da Vinci she would be just as beautiful to any adult male not impuissant. I realize that the human figure embodies every possible rhythm and form, but the

forms of life are no longer personified nakedly. Rembrandt was aware of this, and in his younger days, when the nude was a physical joy, he seldom painted it. Even in the famous Rapes, his Persephone and Europa are richly dressed in the garb of Dutch ladies, which indeed they are. He was above the cheap habit of transcribing physical loveliness on canvases for seductive purposes and calling it art. As he grew older and more familiar with life—and with women—he painted beautiful nudes, but not often, and they are women whose fleshly charms and exciting contours have departed. They are tragic figures; they have majesty and strength, and a curious holiness shines out of their ageing flesh. Here was a man who made the nude interesting. How, it does not matter in this paper—possibly by the “architectonics of light and shade.” But what modern nude is worth looking at the second time? The reason is not far to seek. The naked woman is not a part of the every-day experience of the artist, of companionship, victory and disappointment, of the ordinary, inescapable stuff that moulds him, matures him and gives him speech.

If the nude were a normal ingredient in modern life, our naked shows would no longer be necessary, and our pornographic magazines would seem as chaste as Sunday school quarterlies. The nude is simply a fetish of the art school and the salon handed down from the pagan days of the Greeks by way of the Renaissance. Is there not something a little silly in the character of Renoir, a painter who spent his entire life copying the epidermis of servant wenches? But what voluptuous animals he painted! It is easy for collectors to unload their esthetic baggage upon the unappetizing deformities of old Cézanne,

but when it comes to Renoir's figures, their eyes glisten and their high talk melts into the cadences of a lover in possession of his first mistress. If a doctor should venture into painting he might legitimately concentrate upon the nude; if an artist were born and raised in a brothel he might naturally, like Toulouse-Lautrec, express himself in terms of naked flesh; but as a whole, the nude in art is either erotic trash or academic convention.

Portraiture.

The perfection of photography has rendered portrait painting artistically worthless, and converted it into an exhibition of mechanical dexterity. One of America's most distinguished practitioners of this form of art recently declared that his job had become so ignominious that he was obliged to please not only his sitter, in this case, Mrs. —, but her husband, her children, and all her friends. We have no means of ascertaining how closely the portraits executed by the old painters resembled the subjects, but certainly they are far from literal, for it was not until the invention of the camera that the public realized how deadly accurate a portrait could be, and began to demand that the painter turn himself into a soulless, unreflective machine. The portraits of El Greco, Rubens and Rembrandt are not remarkable for their physiognomical truth but for such qualities of strength, dignity and individuality as the artists were able to bring to their models. Today it is the opposite; lacking brains and imagination the painter has but one course to follow—to compete with the camera. If he deviates at all from servile copying, it is not for artistic reasons but solely to clinch his commission by flattering the self-esteem of his sitters. The modern portrait painter is a politician, a sycophant

and a showman.

Landscape.

The most popular form of art, because the least offensive. In the Italian Renaissance the landscape was merely a background for human drama, crucifixions, rapes, ef cet.—as a separate entity it did not exist. It became prominent in its own right in Eighteenth Century Holland, wherelong, damp and gloomy Winters, passed largely indoors, impelled the Dutch burghers to brighten their dismal rooms with glowing illusions of fresh verdure, sunlight and Summer warmth. The Twentieth Century landscape also serves as wall-paper, but with the additional function of administering to the romantic tastes of those who love to be surrounded by picturesque scenes. The successful landscape painter must have a dash of poetry in his blood. Contemplating a given scene, he is moved to tears, and he fancies that he can reduce others to the same condition by faithfully presenting the woods and hills before him. His task is considerably lightened by the selection of localities blest with historical associations. Thus the annual pilgrimages to France and Spain, and the annual exhibitions of watercolors far less interesting as records and less exciting as art than the snapshots of the amateur photographer.

As a celebrated exponent of outdoor painting I may cite the late Claude Monet, one of the founders of a school which turned the world of art upside down. Monet's entire life—and it was a long one—was dedicated to the investigation of little nooks and corners of the French countryside. He was a specialist in sunlight and atmospheric tones; day after day he sat beside a haystack observing the play of natural light and shade upon straw, and

putting down, as far as it is humanly possible,
exactly what he saw before him.

Now, I ask again, is that art? In the canvases
of his violent successors there is
scarcely more evidence of intelligence. The
Modernists, in casting out sentiment, have
also cast out imagination, and have depicted
nature in arbitrary arrangements of
barren forms which resemble the lifeless
craters of the moon or useless topographical
maps. Their work has not even the
merit of being picturesque.

Still-life.

It is difficult to account for this
phenomenon. It has no equivalent in literature
(not even Proust could have expressed
in words the divine essence of vegetables)
and little relation to the larger, anthropological
aspects of art. With the advent
of the new movements in painting came
the wild, extravagant cry that subject
Matter is of no consequence—it is all in
the handling, the composition. There is
some sense to this notion, but not much.
I acknowledge that Chardin, of all painters,
came closest to humanizing his prunes and
herring, but he understood the animating
effect of bringing a live cat into the picture.
If a painter tells me that he has infused his
soul into an onion, I may agree with him,
knowing the size of his soul, but I am not
therefore committed to admire the performance.

A lunatic like Van Gogh may
be thrown into a frenzy by a pair of old
shoes, but his painting of the shoes will
not provoke such aberrations in the beholder
—unless he too is a lunatic. Cézanne
did some extraordinary things with still life,
but we must remember that his intercourse
with his fellows was crabbed, limited and
unpleasant, and in the end he
withdrew into himself, preferring the

peaceful companionship of fruits and vegetables. The trouble with the American painter is that his concern with still-life is purely factitious. If he were a gardener or a botanist he might reasonably derive his motifs from the vegetable kingdom; as it is, he can find nothing worthwhile in the life around him, and falls back on the mannerisms of a French solitary. We have an analogous example in our moving picture experts who, viewing with apprehension the effectiveness of German films like "Variety," have pitched the camera at every conceivable angle and elevation in the hope of capturing the foreign secrets.

The Mural.

An extinct art. Originally all painting was conceived as mural decoration, the detached pictures of the Greeks and the altar-pieces of the early Italians fulfilling the same office as the huge mosaics and frescos. The mural of today, when it is attempted at all, is a commonplace magazine illustration transferred to plaster, or an odious enlargement of that illegitimate thing, the easel-picture. To express in appropriate symbols the spirit of modern America, and to unite this conception with a definite architectural background, is not within the scope of puny souls who copy haystacks and pretty faces.

III

The modern painter is an inferior being. He is dumb and dull and conceited, an antisocial coward who dwells in miserable cocklofts, and runs frantically to his dealer and back again, bleating like a sheep about his soul, his poverty, and his unappreciated genius.

If he is lucky enough to have a little money, he hurries off to Europe to steep his tender susceptibilities in the atmosphere of the past, or to destroy himself in the dives

of Paris. Of all the workers in the arts he is the least alive—no man of brains and education could possibly waste his life in performances which are, not only paltry and mechanical, but also totally divorced from current affairs. The general public has no conception of the feebleness, stupidity and ignorance of the painter. He is inarticulate and proud of it; in any society he is a nonentity; and, instead of facing modern problems, he buries himself in his studio, worships the by-products of savages, and exhibits meaningless patterns which he confesses are less artistic than the scratchings of cavedwellers and the decorations of cannibals. Yet the superstition somehow persists that he is the aristocrat of art.

Intellectually, our most celebrated painters—not the contemptible smaller fry, but those periodically acclaimed as “modern masters”—are much lower in the scale than such writers as Harold Bell Wright, James Oliver Curwood, Stratton Porter, and Margaret Pedler. If the public actually needed painting, and the critics spoke an intelligible language, this state of affairs would not exist. You will have noticed that doctors, lawyers and other outsiders not wholly uneducated frequently discover in painting fruitful ground for self-glorification. They have nothing to say about literature; they are technically unequipped to discuss music; but in painting they can revel and theorize and mouth psychology to their heart’s content without fear of being exposed or understood. Sometimes they write books—and Lord, what books they are!

The painter, dolt that he is, either does not read or does not understand, but he is duly impressed by the patronage; the public

is indifferent or befuddled, and the
meaning of art is as deeply buried as ever.
This condition cannot last. Unless painting
enlists the attention of men with creative
intelligence, and ceases to rely upon “pure
feeling” and the gropings of sensitive outcasts,
it is destined to become a sport for
amateurs and androgynists.

The Story of Frances Hodgson Burnett

"DEAREST"

BY VIVIAN BURNETT

McCall's - July 1927

“Little Lord Fauntleroy”, now grown to manhood,
here tells the story of “Dearest” —his mother
^just as she once told his story, a story that made them
famous.

O all the world Frances Hodgson Burnett is known as
the creator of Little Lord Fauntleroy, the most universally
read and beloved children’s book in all litera-
ture. How she, the gallant hearted daughter of a plucky,
widowed English mother who came with her small brood
pioneering in Tennessee soon after the Civil War, began to
write, and how her writings began to draw the attention of the
foremost editors of the day, has already been told.
SURLY Tim created a real stir, and in literary circles people
began to take account of the name—Fannie
Hodgson. Its success and the entree thereby gained to the
higher-class magazines had its effect. As the young Frances
had opportunity to meet editors in Boston, New York
and Philadelphia, and to match her wit with theirs, she
naturally reached a higher estimate of her own mental
and literary powers. Emerging from her chrysalis, she in-
evitably felt a desire to spread her wings in an atmosphere
more stimulating than she could find even among those who
loved—actually adored—her in Knoxville. Therefore, with
the first hope of having money enough, came the decision
to travel a little, and go back to England for a visit. One
person, however, found the task of being enthusiastic over
this proposed journey quite difficult—the poetic-eyed Swan

Burnett. He had finished his medical course in Bellevue, and returning to Knoxville about 1870 to settle down and practice, he had begun again to be a member of the “Vagabondia” household.

It was not long, however, before Swan had something at least to console him. Fannie had made a sweet confession to him, and they were engaged. Swan was, however, at once the most happy and the most desperate of young men. He had Fannie’s promise to marry him ; therefore, delirium of joy for the present ; but as she was determined to go abroad, his soul was harassed by visions of dukes and earls and glittering European army officers surrounding her who was the place, and, of course, many New Market friends and a large part of the society of Knoxville were expected to make up the wedding party. But, as the plans were being made, a most distressing hitch presented itself. The wedding dress which, with sly foresight, she had ordered of an European modiste had not arrived. To even an ordinary bride-to-be, the wedding dress would be an important feature of the event. To Frances it was more than that; it was a dominating element, and her “fairy story” for herself had been that she would have such a bridal gown as could only be devised by minds and put together by fingers across the water—by Paris itself.

She did not bring the “creation” in her trunk —it was to be packed with special precaution, and sent after her. It was delayed, day after day, and so, too, was the final decision on the wedding plans. Finally reports came that the boat bearing the precious package had arrived in New York, and then the invitations were issued. But storms and freshets, or something of the kind, delayed the express, and the fatal day was right at hand, and still no wedding finery! At the last moment it was decided to have the marriage on the date originally set. There was a wedding dress. It was a cream and brown satin affair, included in the trousseau for evening parties, and no doubt a fine garment for that purpose, but by no means the frilly, lacey snow-white creation in which a bride should appear at the high moment of her career. Frances’ visit to New York and her stay in England had led her to re-essay her powers. She began to be conscious of her responsibility as the guardian of a gift, and she felt she could, and should, write stories and novels that would

measure up to the highest standards. And to this resolve Swan was an enthusiastic seconder. Swan was now called Doro. Because of her inexperience in domestic matters, he had likened her to Dora in “David Copperfield.” She had countered by calling him Doro. Doro had serious views of his future. He was undoubtedly the most brilliant, the prettiest and the most captivating girl in the world. No one ever denied that Fannie Hodgson was comely. At this time, just reaching womanhood, she had a plump, rounded figure, which set off her clothes, and a half-jaunty, erect carriage that, with her somewhat airy manner of carrying her head, became almost a challenge to masculine admiration—or feminine, for that matter.

And, however straightened the family circumstances, it had rarely been denied that Frances was becomingly dressed. So it can be surmised that for her arrival in New York she had planned a really fetching toilette—and one not savoring too much of the styles of Knoxville, Tenn.

R. W. Gilder immediately took her under his care, and the friendship of this great editor was one of the most helpful influences in her literary life. Frances landed in England late in the Spring of 1872. Her plans were not laid for a long stay across the water, and she intended returning possibly in the early winter, but the visit extended to more than a year, much to the despair of the raven-haired young lover at home. When she returned to America in the late Summer of 1873, with fresh laurels upon her brow, Swan could not be gainsaid, and she had hardly arrived in Knoxville before he had persuaded her to “name the day.” He was building up something of a practice, and she was earning a steadily growing income with her pen.

It was decided that the wedding should take place in the Burnett family home in New Market, the nearest approach that circumstances allowed to the ancestral halls required by Romance for such an occasion, and September 19, 1873, was the date. The big living-room of the Burnett house was [Turn to page 81 -- *I'm leaving this as is, modern reader, so that you can enjoy the rest of this illustrated article on Archive. MPDM.]*

AN ENGLISH SURGEON IN AMERICA'

A PRIVATE LETTER

The Living Age - January 1, 1927

(The following account of a professional visit to some of the leading medical centres of America was written by a distinguished English surgeon to a scientific friend in Tokyo. It was written as a private letter without thought of publication, and is to be read as such. Nevertheless the description which the writer gives is so vivid and to the point that it will interest many readers. | From the Japan Advertiser (Tokyo American daily), November 9, 1926.

I HAD a wonderful three weeks at the Rockefeller Institute in New York. The surgery in general in that city did not particularly impress me. The one outstanding experience was a wonderful blood transfusion done by Unger. I find that New York surgeons have no great reputation in America. But it was all so different at the Rockefeller. I lunched with Alexis Carrel and spent a morning with him. He has now given up blood-vessel surgery, for the time, and spends all his time with tissue culture. He showed me his famous piece of fibroblastic tissue that has been growing for fourteen years. It says a lot for the organization of his department that the medium has been changed every twenty-four hours for that period and never once been forgotten. How different it would have been in Egypt, where occasionally autoclaves and sterilizers and incubators go out and burn up, at will, and where every culture dies on a Friday! Carrel measures the growth of his tissues by the shadow

thrown by a beam of light upon a measured scale.

Carrel's operative theatre is all black; so are the gowns of his assistants and himself. In fact, all is black, with the exception of his operation area. He can get his fine needles made only in England. It takes a month of effort before his theatre sister can thread these needles; the filament of silk is pushed through the eye of the needle obliquely along the shank. The operating theatre for animals is as perfectly equipped as any I've seen for human beings. The animal house is the cleanest I've ever seen in any research institute. The dogs are bathed daily. There is no difficulty with distemper, or, apparently, with pneumonia or tubercle in the higher apes. I could have lunched off the floor.

The simple equality of all at luncheon impressed me very much. The most junior laboratory assistant sits alongside the most senior and distinguished chief. I saw Noguchi and Rouse wandering in the luncheon room, unable to get a seat. All have the same food, which was bad, and badly cooked. But there was no fault to find with the mental food. I almost used the much abused word 'democratic' when I saw the absolute equality of all.

I liked Carrel, a simple soul with much character. In the summers he returns to his family, who live on a small island off the coast of Brittany, and there he fishes, farms, and does the quiet thinking impossible amid the noise of New York.

I spent an afternoon with Noguchi.

He is a tiger for work, and, in one way, impressed me more than any of them. He showed me the spirillum of yellow fever alive in culture and the similar spirillum in the sap of the plant milkweed. He may be coming to Egypt this winter to study trachoma, leishmaniasis, and kala azar. He has his research workers all over the world. He determines the cause of obscure South American diseases in his laboratory in New York. Blood and other specimens are sent to him by collectors, and he does his work in the quiet atmosphere of his laboratory.

I had very long talks with J. B. Murphy, who upset Gye's work the other day, and with Rouse, who showed me the famous Plymouth Rock fowls. Such awfully nice and simple native Americans. They give much credit to clinicians, and say that in our hands lies the future of cancer research very largely; and they instance the clinical observation that cancer never develops in lead workers. They are convinced cancer is parasitic or microbic. They are so generous to Gye and Barnard. Simon Flexner was delightful to me. I found a great rapprochement between American and British research workers and the people in general. No longer are the Americans going to Vienna or Berlin or the Pasteur Institute for postgraduate instructions. They largely go to Great Britain instead, and Rouse, in particular, and others are planning to spend their sabbatical years in London and Cambridge. The Rockefeller allows one sabbatical year in seven, and frequent long holidays abroad.

While in New York I had a day with

Van Buren, a surgeon at the Presbyterian Hospital who has the public spirit to act as Dean of the Medical Faculty at Columbia University. We discussed curricula at length. The outstanding difference between our idea of medical education and theirs is that a student at Columbia — and this is the model of all American schools — has only three months' medical and three months' surgical dressing in the wards. For six months each student attends special departments — Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, and Skin. There is a feeling, not only at Columbia, but also at the University of California, that this is a mistake, and that the general grounding in the principles of clinical medicine and surgery are sacrificed to the special departments. There is a contraction also in the time spent on anatomy and physiology. The examiners of the Federal Medical Boards who examine English graduates wishing to practise in America are much impressed with the groundwork of knowledge in the essentials of medicine. Unfortunately, the individual professors in the American schools of medicine have little voice in the medical curriculum — this being laid down by the American Medical Association.

It appears to me —and this is in keeping with what I learned in Germany two years ago when I went to Munich and Berlin — that the spirit of research and the initiative in chemical and scientific progress have left Germany, where they so largely lived, and have come to America — and come to stay. I look upon this as the greatest loss that Germany has sustained by the war; once this is lost it may be regained

only with difficulty. They told me at Bier's clinic in Berlin that German research workers spent their efforts in mournfully contemplating the evil plight of Germany and their misery and in drowning their sorrows in dilute beer for so long after the war that when they woke to the realities of life they found they had lost the initiative. In America they believe the future is with us and with them. They hold that the twentieth century is largely to be theirs, as the nineteenth belonged to us. And I feel there is no doubt about it. Three other matters impressed me very greatly in America — the curse of motor cars and telephones, the number of American business men of fifty who die suddenly on the golf links from heart failure, and the extreme beauty of the modern skyscrapers and concrete road bridges. The tall buildings now simulate Italian campaniles or Gothic cathedral towers. If these beautiful thirty-story buildings were in Florence or in Rome the whole world would come to see them. The delicate, graceful, spidery concrete bridges for the motor trunk roads are beautiful in the extreme.

I spent a most interesting and instructive week in Victoria, British Columbia, at the Canadian Medical Association meeting. Six hundred doctors were there, and there were some really good things to hear, and some utter rubbish. They are doing good work in Toronto and Montreal to-day, and they are founding a Research Institute in Canada on the model of the Rockefeller. I renewed all my ancient friendships, and found the most remarkable work on the thyroid had been done by a man I knew, ill-educated and old, and

in my day more of a retired farmer than a doctor.

But he was an observing farmer, and he found a mountain valley, called the Pemberton Meadows, in which all the white farmers develop goitre, and also all the animals. The pigs lose their hair when they develop goitre, and the young calves are born with enormous goitres. But the natives, the Siwash Indians, who live entirely off salmon and seaweed, never develop it! All human and animal inhabitants lose their goitres when iodine is added to their food. The iodine content of these show-water glacial streams is not the sole cause; for some valleys with no iodine in the water are free from goitre, and others where the iodine content is high are infested with thyroid enlargements. All observers agree that thyroid adenomata treated with iodine become toxic, and that there are more operations for toxic goitre than ever before. So the iodine treatment has to be carried out with great care in many pastoral communities. The results are so contradictory to what I found, in many essentials. The North American Indians, both the horse Indians of the plains and the wood Indians of the eastern forests, as well as the Mongolian Siwash Indians of the Pacific Coast, suffer terribly from trachoma; but they never develop goitre. The Indians, however, who are educated in modern colleges and fed on white American food do so in direct relation with the development of thyroid enlargement and disturbance of function among the white Americans in their communities. I was impressed by the neurology at the University of California. I was

present at a consultation of two of the leading neurologists on an obscure cerebral case, a doubtful cerebral tumor. The examination, including the introduction of air into the lateral ventricles and X-rays, was quite up to the National Hospital standard at Queen's Square, London.

The school-children of America are now all tested for susceptibility to diphtheria (the Schick test) and to scarlet fever (the Dick test), and if not naturally immune are inoculated. These two diseases are now, we hope, abolished for the young generation. And at last, in a salt-free diet, they have discovered a corrective for the toxemias of pregnancy.

I am going to see the Mayos in Rochester, Minnesota, and I may stay there some weeks. This is the great surgical departmental store of North America. They are of course representative of the very best of all in the country; but I find some fault with their publicity agents. Never does a medical meeting take place, I hear, but a representative of the Mayo Institute — not one of the famous brothers, or even Balfour or Judd — reads a paper of the most elementary and childlike nature. It is an advertising dodge; but quite a legitimate one. It speaks volumes for the lack of elementary medical education in the past in America that what I was taught as a junior medical student can be rehashed and delivered before a serious medical society.

Munich Festival Sounds Modern Keynote
MUSICAL AMERICA - September 10, 1927

*‘Advanced’” Staging Revealed
in Annual Mozart and Wagner Opera Season
of Bavarian Lyric Theaters

MUNICH, Aug. 15.—The city of Munich, now giving its annual opera festival, finds itself the inheritor of two musical traditions. The comfortable Bavarian capital spreads itself out into various quarters. The “Oldtown,” with its National Theater, existed at a time when Mozart was invited over from Salzburg or Vienna to conduct first performances of some of his operas during the annual carnival. But with ten paces one may make his way into the avenues set out by the enterprising Ludwig I., who loved broad streets and the Italian Renaissance style of architecture. From the age of Ludwig I. to that of his “mad” son, there is an even easier transition. And so Mozart and Wagner come into amicable partnership at the annual musical festivals of the Bavarian State theaters.

For the city of Munich has done very well in atoning for its former hatred of the indigent inventor of the music drama. and it does not remember with any great amount of satisfaction that day when, through intrigue among Wagner’s opponents, Ludwig II.’s loan of 40,000 gulden was told out in single coins and delivered to the composer’s house in a slow and humiliating public procession. Munich now prefers to remember that Wagner paid back the loan and also returned to the King the villa which had been given him. It takes pride, too, in

having the scene of the initial performance of "Die Meistersinger," which now opens and closes each summer's festival, and of a practically surreptitious first performance of "Die Walküre," given against Wagner's wishes, and before the entire trilogy had been sanctified for public performances at the Festspielhaus in Bayreuth.

Two Perfect Theaters

And if tradition had turned a favorable glance upon Munich, good fortune has also entrusted to her two perfect theaters for the performance of operatic masterpieces. In the Residence Theater, adjoining the palace of the former Bavarian kings, the city now possesses an ideal setting for the intimate works of Mozart. Its three tiers of loges rise from: a parquet which seats scarcely more than 200 persons. Their carved woodwork of cream and gold, with insouciant display of a cherry red, extend their rococo arms to a _proscenium which incloses one of the finest technical equipments in any European playhouse. Within the auditorium there still lingers the vibration of hooped skirts, it almost seems, and the air would be as congenial to grains de beauté, no doubt, as it still is to powder and to rouge. For Munich is popular among the wandering folk who traverse Europe in search of something they do not find at home. English is spoken at the Residence Theater almost as much, and perhaps more loudly, than German. This year has been especially favorable. The lira has risen in Italy, but the prices have not been greatly lowered, for all of Mussolini's proclamations to his people. Paris, that former capital of wealthy American travelers, has somehow or other lost a little of its attractiveness for a people which, after all, is not going to throw its money

away unless it is smiled at in return. And so Germany, on its feet and working hard, is inviting more and more travelers to visit it in railroad carriages which foreign countries still operate for the benefit of war reparations.

Modern-Minded Staging

Since music is one of Germany's chief beauties, Munich has fared excellently this summer, from the beginning of the festival, on July 26, until the present, a few days before its close, on Aug. 26. The revolving stage at the Residence Theater has shifted many a scene for Mozart performances, and from the concealed orchestra pit at the Prince Regent's Theater, many a Wagnerian blast has brought large congregations to whatever state of excitement it now remains for Wagnerian blasts to create among Twentieth Century audiences. The Prince Regent's Theater is in essentials a duplicate of that other fine Bavarian theater which Wagner designed and had built at Bayreuth. But if the Munich theater preserves an architectural fidelity to its great original, the spirit of its performances is in no wise limited by what is still, after fifty years, regarded as the one and only true doctrine up-State in Bayreuth. The *Inszenierung* at Munich rejoices in the freedoms granted by the modern spirit of the theater, without becoming wild in its revolutionary tendencies. The Rhinemaids here do not trouble themselves with problems of realistic breast-stroke and trudgeon; they have found a new lease of aquaticism in becoming figures of the fancy. Fafner, the dragon, who has endangered more performances than he has Siegfrieds, has accomplished a suitable evolution, and Alberich's crude

pleasure in toying with the Tarnhelm
has been so softened, that his
metamorphoses do not present themselves
to more than the mind's eye.

With "The Ring," a more drastic change of stage technique has been made possible—Sicite or demanded—than with "#8"*
"Meistersinger" or tan." Yet the stage of "Tristan" has been swept clean of much that is inessential, to make room, perhaps, for one of the most magnificent Isolde the present operatic stage can show to its credit. "Parsifal," on the other hand, has undergone a notable renovation, in which the abolition of the moving scenery is of course, in this year of theatrical progressiveness, only a minor item. On the whole, the Prince Regent's performances strike an admirable level between the reactionary and the red. Dyed-in-the-wool Wagnerians can not be expected to accept the Munich performances in total equanimity, perhaps. But there are perhaps not so many of the species now extant, and even those who remain must acknowledge that one of the incontrovertible elements of Wagner's genius was the impulse he gave toward a modernization of operatic stage direction.

Mozart Performances Attract
The Mozart performances at the Residence Theater varied somewhat in quality. The most striking single feature in them was no doubt the restoration of the final scene of "Don Giovanni," which has not been in use since Gustave Mahler had the inspiration to strike it out. The Munich company professes to emphasize the tragic note in a work which Mozart may very well have termed an "opera giocosa" to signify its genre rather than its mood. But somehow or other, the music of "Don Giovanni" remains more important than what scholars find to say about it, and

it was possible to attend a well rounded,
if not spectacularly cast performance of
it with no more concern about its label than one
need have in listening to "The Tempest," of one
William Shakespeare. Munich is reported in the café corners
to be still seeking its way to the excellence it maintained
before Bruno Walter, removing to Berlin, took with
him a goodly number of the singers he had conducted for in
Munich. If Walter's forces have left the Bavarian State theaters,
his tradition, or the one he inherited there, is still functioning to
keep together a remarkably well rounded and efficient repertoire
company. What that company can accomplish
was shown with startling directness in
the festival's earliest performance of
"Figaro," when the comedy proceeded as
smoothly, and with as clear and delicate
a theatrical effect, as if it were being performed without music.
For the spirit of this ideal performance the artists
concerned were responsible to an equal
extent with the stage director, Kurt Barré.

A Versatile Company
General Intendant Baron Clemens von
Franckenstein, and the musical director,
Hans Knappertsbusch, have assembled
a very capable troupe of artists. First and foremost,
perhaps, from the American point of view of what is
interesting in the realm of personalities, is Elisabeth
Ohms, an Isolde who brings the
first act of "Tristan" to a new grandeur
of fury, and who throughout the work masters the part,
both vocally and histrionically, with the keenest sense
of what is due a lofty conception of the rôle. She also
is the Kundry. Gertrud Kappel proved to be an admired
Brunnhilde in the "Ring." Another exceptional artist was
Wilhelm Rode, an excellent singer, whose Hans
Sachs brought much pleasure to his audiences.
Indisposition forced him to forego the
"Ring," and Hans Hermann Nissen, the
owner of an excellent voice, stepped somewhat
hurriedly into his place.

Among the resident tenors were Hendrik
Appels, Fritz Krauss, Heinrich Knote,

and Otto Wolf, an estimable group, whose prowess was supplemented with that of Curt Taucher, and Richard Tauber, as warmly acclaimed guests. Felicie Hiini- Mihacsek and Elisabeth Feuge- Friederich sang the heavier soprano réles in the Mozart performances. Fritz Jockl stepped easily from Susanna to Kénigin der Nacht, and Luise Willer, an enjoyable Brangéne, won general admiration with her vocally flexible Dorabella in "Cosi Fan Tutte." Rode, Heinrich Rehkemper and Erik Wild- hagen offered their services in the Mo- zart réles for baritone, and the bass parts were capably sung by Berthold Sterneck and by Paul Bender, a regular member of the company, as of the Metropolitan, and an immense favorite.

Guests Are Applauded

The company's generosity in the matter of guest artists extended to the engagement of others than Tauber and Taucher. Lotte Lehmann sang a pleas- ant Eva in "Meistersinger" and repeated the Sieglinde with which she had won praise in London earlier this sum- mer. Maria Olszewska and her husband, Emil Schipper, from Vienna, under engagement for the Chicago Opera but not reporting for another year, were well received, the one as Erda and Waltraute, and the other as Sachs and Kurwenal. Elisabeth Schumann was cast as Susanna. Other guest singers included Lotte Schéne, Helene Jung Emmanuel List, Helge Rosswaenge and Hermann Wiedemann. Egon Pollak, of Hamburg, conducted both Wagnerian and Mozart performances, and Knappertsbusch was assisted from his resident staff by Karl Elmendorff and Karl Béhm. The season included three performances each of "Figaro," and "Zauberfléte" and two apiece of "Don Giovanni," "Cosi Fan Tutte" and "Entfiihrung." The single presentation of the "Ring" was supplemented with two performances of "Tristan" and four each of "Parsifal" and "Meistersinger."

Bruno Walter Takes Cure in Switzerland
MUNICH, Aug. 27.—Bruno Walter has recovered from a slight inflammation of the lungs, which attacked him while he was visiting this city recently to attend the wedding of his daughter. He will be unable to appear at the Salzburg Festival, as he has been ordered to take a cure at a Swiss resort.

DeLara Work Scheduled for Aix
AIX-LES-BAINS, Aug. 25.—The Casino will produce early in September a new lyrical fantasy, “The Prince of Marcocana” by Isidore de Lara. The pianist, Walter Rummel, recently gave a recital.

Arthur Rubinstein, pianist, is also to appear in concert here shortly.

“I Am Charles Lindbergh”
The Nation [Vol. 124, No. 323;
June 6, 1927

THE happiest feature of the country’s acclaim of Captain | Lindbergh is that for once, everybody, of every shade of opinion, can agree. There is no room for dissent. A marvelous achievement was accomplished in a faultless manner by a young American who embodies within himself the finest American characteristics. The only discordant note comes from certain militarists in Washington, who dolefully warn us that America’s isolation is at an end, that the sea is no longer a rampart of defense. Everybody else has rejoiced, not merely because it was an American who achieved the impossible, but also because there was an international aspect to the feat. Ambassador Herrick may exaggerate when he declares that Captain Lindbergh has wiped out all the ill-will which has existed in France against us, but there can be no question that he has rendered an enormous service to both nations. The fears that a success would hurt French feelings have been proved baseless. No welcome could have been freer from envy or hurt pride,

none could have been more cordial, more spontaneous, or more overwhelming than that given by the French Government and people to the young man who stepped out of his airplane and said simply: "I am Charles Lindbergh."

Equally gratifying has been the bearing of the hero. A skilled diplomat could not have done better. His turning over to the orphans and widows of French aviators the 150,000 francs given for a gold cup; his call on Mme Nungesser; his toast to France as the land of the greatest number of great aviators; his acclaim of the veteran Louis Blériot as his master; his tactful speech to the Chamber of Deputies—all these reveal an old head upon young shoulders over a warm and sympathetic heart. Moreover, his refusal to consider the offers made to him for public appearances, which would make him a millionaire overnight, is in the best tradition. When he declared that he had never thought of money in connection with his exploit, he taught the youth of his country a finer lesson than he did by the courage and fortitude of his flight toward the sun. In an hour when public emphasis is so largely upon things purely material, it is glorious to find a youth who can remain a modest gentleman seeking no undue reward and can keep his head in the face of the greatest applause and fame ever given to a single individual.

That he will remain unspoiled is our devout wish—one has only to recall how the "hero of Santiago," Captain Hobson, lost his head in 1898, to realize what might have happened. The Government and the rest of us should help him to maintain his balance and his modesty by not overdoing the honors everyone wishes to bestow upon him. We are sure he had rather come home by steamer than be convoyed by a flotilla of destroyers. The ordeal of official receptions can hold no charms for him who stole away in Paris to put on overalls and overhaul his plane himself. Let us not ask the impossible of Charles Lindbergh, and let us, as we are sure he would wish, remember that he was not the first to cross the Atlantic. We must not forget the extraordinary skill and gallantry of John Alcock and Arthur W. Brown, two British gentlemen and soldiers, who first crossed from Newfoundland to Ireland by air, in 1919. America can best show her pride and gratitude by refusing to spoil one who, we sincerely hope, will always remain one of her

finest assets.

Spring Novels and “The Magic Mountain”

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ibid

In its Spring Book Number The Nation included the names of ninety-five works of fiction in a list of “notable new books.” Since that time most of them (as well, of course, as innumerable others) have appeared and some have doubtless already been forgotten. Yet there was, at least, no lack of variety here. Ranging in time from “The Tale of Genji,” which Lady Murasaki wrote in the eleventh century, on through a new twelve-volume edition of the novels of Benjamin Disraeli, to the present; ranging in mood from the flippant assurance of Michael Arlen’s “Young Men in Love” to the high seriousness of Thomas Mann’s “The Magic Mountain”; and ranging in manner from the sledge-hammer denunciations of Sinclair Lewis’s “Elmer Gantry” to the gentle ironies of Sylvia Townsend Warner’s “Mr. Fortune’s Maggot,” these novels dealt with every conceivable subject, exemplified every conceivable technique, and reflected every conceivable state of mind. Hungry presses accepted the most diverse sorts of material and hungry readers eagerly devoured what these presses gave out.

Nor did the numerousness of the works printed and read predispose readers to demand brevity. Miss Townsend’s tale was brief but most of the other important works published during the spring made considerable demands upon the peruser’s time. “Elmer Gantry” was a substantial book, Francis Brett Young required two volumes for his “Love is Enough”; both the “Tale of Genji” and Romain Rolland’s “The Soul Enchanted” have already reached a third volume without yet being complete; and “The Magic Mountain,” though published all at once, extends to the prodigious length of four hundred thousand words. In spite of all that may be said of the hurry of the present age, there are obviously many who have time both to read and to write.

But if one turns from such statistics and seeks to discover the meaning of this flood of words one will find it equally difficult to deduce either the Spirit of the Age or any aesthetic creed. While Mr. Lewis reveals both his social passion and his faith in the semi-didactic naturalistic novel, Miss Warner abandons herself to fancy and adopts the tradition which came down from Voltaire to Anatole France; while Donn Byrne writes "Brother Saul" in the facile style of old-fashioned romance, Edwin Muir tells the story of "The Marionette" in the subtle sentences which are the result of his effort to achieve a scrupulous exactitude; and while Anne Douglas Sedgwick upholds the genteel tradition in "The Old Countess," Hanns Ewers pursues the pathological frisson through the pages of his grisly "Sorcerer's Apprentice." On the basis of these spring novels it would be possible to seem to prove anything, and hence really possible to prove nothing at all. Every variety of fiction had both its practitioners and its admirers.

Undoubtedly, however, the one work upon the list which stands out above all the others is Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain." It is a massive work which represents several years of labor on the part of a novelist whose fame was already great, and it is worthy of him—but this is not all that can be said of it. Other established writers have recently issued books which sustain their reputations, but none have this year published anything so new and so vital which Mann has before exhibited is here again revealed, and so, too, is the mastery of detail which marked "Buddenbrooks," his made evident that

The extraordinary, almost morbid sensitivity other massive novel; but here also it is his style, beautiful and individual though it was, had not before and probably has not even now tion. For not since Marcel Proust published the volume of "A la Perdu" has thing appeared in which a new form was mastered.

Mann has come nearer than any other contemporary writer to solving a problem of which innumerable of contemporary fiction have been acutely aware. "ideas" cannot be neglected in the writing of modern fiction; they are, as H. G. Wells has argued, quite as much a

part of the life of a modern hero as deeds; and yet most people now feel that Mr. Wells and his followers in introducing “ideas” only by destroying fiction, which be came in their hands little more than a sugar-coated treatise supplied with an exordium. Mann, on the other hand, though his novel is concerned with intellectual movements more, perhaps, than it is concerned with anything else, has succeeded in remembering always that his business is with the imagination. In his novel “ideas” appear not so much for themselves as for the moods which they generate, and what one gets is not argument but a diffused sense of the effect which the intellectual atmosphere of their times has upon the characters. “Ideas” are there in plenty, but they are always seen through a temperament and used as the materials of art.

Vast as is its scale one does not get from it the impression of anything unwieldy or sprawling. So perfectly is it proportioned and so completely are all its details held in hand by the author that when one has finished it one seems to have read not one of the longest modern novels but a perfectly rounded conte, since the thing which is left in the mind is an absolutely unified impression. And yet this perfection of execution is achieved in the case of a work planned in a radically new way and intended to accomplish something never accomplished before. Readers of the story called *Tristram* in the collection entitled “*Death in Venice*” will find the mood of the book there foreshadowed, but they will get from it alone no conception of the magnitude of the new book nor of the astonishing art which has enabled its author to tell the whole story of the modern mind without violating the unity of the single impression which he creates.

“*The Magic Mountain*” does not lend itself easily to imitation. It is a creation, not a formula, and very likely it will not, for that very reason, serve as the beginning of a new school. One cannot easily imagine another work of fiction “like it”; but so great is its achievement in an essentially new direction that it will, I fancy, be the most influential as well as the greatest of the season’s novels.

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The Week
THE NEW REPUBLIC
March 16, 1927.

THE fighting Sixty-ninth Congress died with its boots on. Its closing hours, particularly in the Senate, were marked by acrimonious debate in the course of which half a dozen men in turn accepted the responsibility for refusing to permit important bills to go through. As a result, the short session came to its end with several urgently needed measures unpassed. Among them were the Second Deficiency bill and the Alien Property bill. A \$30,000,000 appropriation for World War veterans was lost, fears were expressed lest it should be necessary to cut 15,000 men off the army pay-roll, and there is still doubt as to where funds are to be obtained to pay pensions during the spring and summer. Senator Borah's proposal that the Foreign Relations Committee should investigate our relations with Mexico and Nicaragua was lost, as was the resolution for an investigation of hydro-electric power company financing. About the only measure which slipped through in the final jam was the bill reorganizing the prohibition unit, making it a separate division in the Treasury and putting all enforcement agents under Civil Service. 'The only other important measures passed by the short session were the McNary-Haugen bill, and the McFadden branch banking measure. The former was passed in the confident expectation of a Presidential veto—which it received; and the latter got through only because of a political deal arranged by Vice President Dawes, in which votes for farm relief were traded for votes for bank relief. As usual, the bank relief turned out to be real, that for the farmer fictitious.

THE chief struggle in the closing hours of the session was between Senators James A. and David A. Reed, of Missouri and Pennsylvania, over the investigation of primary frauds in the latter state. The western Democrat wanted this investigation to be conducted by his Committee, which has already

done such fine service, during the interval before the Seventieth Congress. The eastern Republican conducted his filibuster because he wanted the investigation to be held, if at all, by the regular Senate Committee on Elections, some time after next December—a lapse of time which would make any real inquiry far more difficult, if not impossible. We do not know what were the motives which caused the Pennsylvania Senator to act as he did. We are reluctant to believe the Washington gossip which says that Vare has threatened, if he is ejected from the Senate this time, to take his colleague's seat for himself in 1928. We do believe, however, that Senator Reed has done something which, when the heat of battle has cooled, he will be ashamed of to the last day of his life. Vare's victory in the primary, and his election in November, were accompanied by the grossest, most palpable fraud—much of it already a matter of official record; and an investigation thirteen months after the event is tantamount to no investigation at all—even if the Senate Committee on Elections were honestly zealous to get at the facts, which is a highly improbable supposition. WHEN, early last summer, the first session of the late Congress ended, it was a matter of general comment that during its deliberations the prestige of Senator Borah had waned and the prestige of Senator Reed of Missouri had waxed. The observation was at least in part true. Senator Borah had sacrificed the session to a fight against the entrance by this country into the World Court, and the extreme to which he had carried this fight had injured his general usefulness and alienated some of his best friends. Senator Reed, on the other hand, had profited by his able and aggressive handling of the Senate investigation into the primary elections. His increased prestige had, of course, the inevitable result. People, including Mr. Henry L. Mencken who is not one of the people, began to talk about him as a Presidential candidate, and Mr. Reed himself evidently liked the idea. But, unfortunately, he could not pose as possible President without ceasing to be reckless Jim Reed. He began to be cautious and reticent and to calculate where the delegates

would come from. He gave himself away more completely by joining his own party in Congress in conniving at President Coolidge's policy in Mexico and Nicaragua. During the recent session he has lost much of the prestige which he acquired in 1926. Senator Borah, on the other hand, has been the leader in the fight against the imperialism of the State Department and he has assumed the position at very considerable personal cost to himself. But by so doing, he has reinstated himself in the opinion of the minority of his fellow-countrymen who are opposed to a foreign policy which rests on coercion.

FOR the moment there is a lull in the storm, as regards China, Mexico and Nicaragua. Heavy rains have temporarily postponed the decisive battle which is expected to decide the fate of Shanghai and perhaps of the Peking government as well. In general, the Chinese situation remains about as it was. In regard to Mexico, there is, as we go to press, no confirmation of rumors that the Mexican Ambassador to Washington has been relieved of his post because of complaints from our State Department that his office has been a fountain-head of propaganda concerning the oil dispute. As to Nicaragua, we continue to land fresh troops, and to extend our "neutral zones" in a fashion to embarrass the Liberals who, as things are, cannot continue the struggle much longer. Let no one deceive himself, because of the momentary quiet, in regard to our Latin-American relations. The most dangerous period of all is that just ahead. The Borah resolution to keep the Foreign Affairs Committee on guard during the recess did not pass; and for the next nine months the President and the State Department will be able to do just about as they please, with no one to say them nay. Public opinion will be muzzled because the administration will be able to put its own interpretation on events and have that interpretation reflected in the greater part of the press. It is a prospect which causes well justified misgivings.

THE Supreme Court has handed down an important decision declaring unconstitutional the Texas law which forbids Negroes to vote in Democratic primaries. As everyone knows, the Democratic primary in Texas is more important than the final election itself, and refusal to permit Negroes to vote in the former amounted to disfranchisement. This is substantially the view of the Court, which, in a decision read by Mr. Justice Holmes, held the statute unconstitutional on the ground that it contravenes the Fourteenth Amendment, as well as the Fifteenth. Needless to say, the victory for the Negro is more apparent than real. Texas will undoubtedly find some other way to maintain this disfranchisement. Every other southern state continues to keep the polls for the white race, either by property and literacy qualifications or by intimidation. No other state, however, so brazenly admitted the existence of the humiliating condition as did Texas. Aside from its importance as setting a precedent of federal authority over state primaries, the Supreme Court decision will break down one more barrier to the growing racial self-respect of the Negro.

A PROPOSAL is now before the New York State Legislature which is frightening a number of staid and respectable gentlemen, including Mr. C. D. Hilles of the Republican National Committee, into conniption fits. New York, astonishing to say, contains a number of persons who dislike prohibition; and on behalf of some of them, a resolution has been introduced in the State Legislature calling for a national constitutional convention for the purpose of trying to get rid of the Eighteenth Amendment. The proposal was of course purely political in character, and not intended to be taken too seriously. However, someone dug up the fact that in the past quarter-century or so, twenty-eight other states have, at one time or another, and for one reason or another, asked for a national constitutional convention. Only one of these requests, that of Nevada, has been made since prohibition and because of it. The others for the most part referred to proposals

which have since been brought about, such as woman suffrage or the income tax. However, Article V of the Constitution does not say that all requests for a convention must deal with the same issue, nor does it put any time limit on the validity of such an appeal. It merely says that the Congress, ““on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the states, shall call a convention for proposing amendments.” Two-thirds of the states means thirty-two. If New York and three others should now pass resolutions demanding a convention, Congress would find itself in an extraordinary dilemma.

THIS is the prospect which has so alarmed Mr. Hilles and his friends. They predict, with chills and perspiration, that, if the people of the United States ever get their hands on the sacred Constitution, it will be scattered to the breeze, and the red flag hoisted over the White House. They have communicated their terror to some of the ardent wets, who have promptly abandoned the New York state resolution and are repenting, on their knees, that they ever consented to have anything to do with it. We think the timid gentlemen are needlessly apprehensive, and on two counts. We doubt whether there is any genuine likelihood of a constitutional convention in the near future; but if one should be called, we do not anticipate any such destruction of the sacred document as these timorous souls foresee. Everyone, except those with an occupational disease which prevents their admitting the truth, knows that the Constitution is in some aspects a badly antiquated document. If the people of the United States are not now fit for the task of repairing it, when and under what circumstances may we expect that they will develop the necessary capacity ?

WHEN Governor Smith of New York was fighting the proposal to grant licenses to private companies for the use of Niagara and St. Lawrence water power, and when the progressives in Congress were trying to hold off schemes to pass Muscle Shoals out to privately owned utilities, the cry of the

utilities spokesmen was that the guardians of the public interest were delaying the development of these useful sources of hydro-electric power, and that in order to avoid delay the utilities' plans must be accepted. Now the shoe is on the other foot. Under the reorganized state government of New York, Governor Smith has a deciding voice in the matter of water power, and has been pressing his scheme for a public power authority on the Republican legislature, which refuses to accept it and thus causes delay. In Congress, the utilities spokesmen did not scruple to filibuster against the passage of the Boulder Dam bill, which left the way open for public ownership, although the filibuster delayed not merely the power project but the highly necessary flood control. The truth seems to be that the utilities are so afraid of public competition in power generation that they will go to any length to prevent it. Publicly owned plants would pretty surely show up their tremendous profits. The valuation theory which they have brought the Courts to accept, in such instances as the Indianapolis water case—spot reproduction cost—is based on monopoly value and ignores potential competition by publicly owned systems, as is masterfully shown by Donald R. Richberg in his article in the February Harvard Law Review, entitled Value—by Judicial Fiat. If rates are to be set on the basis of such values, it would be ruinous to the utilities to permit the public to compete with them.

THE second trial of former Attorney General Harry M. Daugherty and former Alien Property Custodian Thomas W. Miller did not have the happy ending, for the defendants, of the first. The jury, after a record-breaking deliberation, found Colonel Miller guilty. They disagreed as to Mr. Daugherty by the narrow margin of eleven to one, the majority being in favor of a conviction. Colonel Miller has announced an appeal; and the case against Mr. Daugherty was dropped by Federal District Attorney Emory Buckner, who evidently, and in our opinion properly, felt that further expenditure of time and money in the effort to convict Mr. Daugherty would be unwarranted. The latter

must feel that his acquittal is a pyrrhic victory. In both trials, a majority of the jurors believed | guilty, and he was saved only by the stubbornness of a small minority—in the second case, a minority of one. The two prosecutions resulted in spreading across the newspapers of the country some valuable information about the way in which public was conducted in the Harding era. This information confirms, and justifies, the criticism expressed the New Republic and others, when the exposés. Taken with the Pathe ‘verdict 3 of Supreme Court a few days ago, it utterly explodes the myth, so persistently repeated by faithful Republican politicians and editors, that the revelations were political in purpose and were without any substantial basis in fact.. We now wait, with interest and impatience, for these Republican mouthpieces to come forward and say, “We were wrong. We admit it. We apologize to the millions of our fellow citizens whom we so grossly misled on one of the outstanding issues of a generation.”

IT IS reported that in spite of the warnings of building financiers, new construction is being planned in large quantities because of two factors—the speculative builders are so deeply involved credit that they have to keep up their activities to avoid losses in liquidation, and the material supply houses have such large stocks and plants that they are willing to lower prices a great deal in order to encourage production. If this should result in better and cheaper housing for the lower-income classes it would be a boon, but if it should lead merely to more overbuilding of expensive structures it will only postpone and exaggerate the eventual crash. Meanwhile it is interesting to note the semi-annual survey of the real estate market recently published by the National Association of Real Estate Boards. Of cities of over 500,000 population, 67 percent report less activity in the market than last year, 22 percent the same, and only 11 percent more. In cities between 200,000 and 500,000, the corresponding percentages are 56, 22 and 22. The slackening is particularly noticeable in the North Atlantic and

Southeastern regions. Of cities of over 500,000, 100 percent report overbuilding of apartments, 63 percent report overbuilding of business buildings and 100 percent report no shortage of them, while only 33 percent report overbuilding of single-family dwellings. Of the same cities, 46 percent report residential rents going down, 54 percent report stationary rents, and none reports rising rents. In all cities, the percentages on rents are: down 23, stationary 66 and up 11. Since the bulk of the construction work is in the larger cities, all this does not look hopeful for continuance of the building boom.

‘THE most important piece of news from Great Britain in many a day is an item which, so far as we know, did not get into the newspapers at all. The British birth rate has now reached the amazingly low figure of 17.8 per year per thousand persons. The annual increase is now only 6.2 per thousand, which may be compared with our own increase of about eleven. The British rate is now smaller than that of France; contrary to popular belief, the stationary population of the latter country is not due to an abnormally small crop of babies—the rate is less than our own by only about three points—but to a shockingly high death rate, both for babies and adults. In recent years it has often been stated that Great Britain is largely overpopulated, with an excess perhaps as large as fifteen million persons. The statistics given suggest one possible answer to her predicament.

AN advertising agency advertises itself to possible clients as follows: ““We have come across few more significant statements concerning the mission of advertising than this one by Harry Tipper: The final purpose of advertising is not to prove the comparative superiority of the article in competition. The object of advertising is to TAKE IT OUT OF COMPETITION, that it will no longer be compared but will be accepted by the buyer.” We suspect that this is true. Tear out a dozen automobile advertisements, check them against each

other, and see whether they offer you any certain basis for preference. Most advertising is at the opposite extreme from the technique of comparative impartial test, which is the scientific method for serving the consumer's interest. Let us defenseless consumers see how strong a resistance we can set up against "accepting" any product which is so advertised as to "take it out of competition."

ANOTHER New York architect has a scheme for frenzied transportation to solve the traffic problem. Mr. Bob Lafferty would build a series of high pylon towers or buildings connected with air railways, over which would run cars resembling air-ships in appearance, at a speed of one hundred miles per hour. The present elevated railroads would be covered with glass and converted into automobile speedways. This system, he assures us, would cost 30 percent less than subways. Meanwhile, other architects go on planning tall buildings; ninety or one hundred stories are commonplace in the new gossip. We have another idea to suggest which is not so chimerical as Mr. Lafferty's. Every time a plan for a new building is filed, let the promoter be required to file another plan, showing where those who are to occupy it or visit it are to come from, and along what routes and by what conveyances. Let this plan be checked up for adequacy and compared with existing traffic densities. If it shows that new transit or transportation facilities are required, let the building permit not be granted before the promoter forks over an assessment sufficient to pay for the additional transit facilities.

When Is a Congress Not a Congress ?

THE second and last session of the Sixty-ninth Congress has come to an end. When Congresses die, it is customary for editors to write obituaries of them, but the assignment in the present instance offers a more than usually depressing prospect. The late Congress resembled a dreary, timid, busy and distracted little man who had inherited the kingship of a great country. His biography would

be the story of officious, shuffling, muddled incompetence. He would not be positively good or bad. He would just be no good. The most charitable thing to do about the recent Congress would be to pass it by in silence without even writing an epitaph for its gravestone.

It was elected in the fall of 1924, as a part of one of the most overwhelming victories which any party and any Presidential candidate have ever obtained in the history of the United States. A large majority in both Houses called themselves Republicans, and presumably their leaders knew what the voters had commissioned them to do and would proceed to do it. In one respect they knew and they did. They were pledged specifically to relieve the millionaire from the heavy taxes to which his income was still nominally subject; and this duty they performed loyally and unreservedly. But outside of reducing taxes, chiefly for the benefit of multimillionaires, and passing the appropriation bills, the late Congress accomplished almost nothing. The huge majority which had brought Mr. Coolidge and itself into power was not moved by any unity of impulse, conviction or program. Congress, except in the case of tax reduction, refused to follow Mr. Coolidge's leadership. Neither was it able to develop any leadership of its own. Its several factions in both parties squabbled among themselves incessantly and fruitlessly; and when they did not squabble among themselves, they waged war on the President. They were, it is true, finally able to agree upon legislation to deal with the gravest economic problem of the moment, viz., the grievances of the farmer, but the only bill upon which they could agree was, as they well knew, one which Mr. Coolidge would be obliged to veto. The Sixty-ninth Congress was, consequently, helplessly and hopelessly sterile. It conducted a number of useful investigations, but it did not know enough to undertake the one investigation which might have been most instructive. It failed to investigate itself. This was a grievous mistake. If its leaders had been aware of the injury which their legislative ineptitude was inflicting

on the credit of the federal government and on the welfare of the nation, they would not have allowed even a filibuster to prevent them from setting up a joint self-searching committee. They would, indeed, have looked upon such an inquiry as the most important of their tasks. A legislative body which ignores its own serious faults is not likely by means of the most assiduous public hearings to find out what is the matter with the other organs of the body politic and to provide a remedy.

Members of Congress resent this kind of indictment as too sweeping. They are well aware how much conscientious, disinterested and _ intelligent work individual Congressmen and Senators perform in writing the appropriation bills, in preparing some of their speeches and in studying the effects of proposed legislation. They are also well aware that the average Congressman is individually a man of public spirit and at least as intelligent as the majority of his critics. But these retorts, while perfectly true, are irrelevant. There is nothing personal about the kind of criticism which the New Republic, for instance, sometimes applies to Congress. There are many admirable men (we wish we could say “and women”) sitting in both Houses. Indeed, one of the most exasperating aspects of recent Congresses is their failure to turn the abilities of their members to good account. It seems incredible that so many men who are individually well meaning, hard-working and wide-awake should in their collective behavior so often be blind, helpless, factious and devoid of public spirit.

Of course, the answer is that it is not their fault. As Congressmen and Senators they form part of a system which is breaking down. The system whose breakdown is now being exposed is that of responsible two-party government. The leaders and members of both parties are not sufficiently united to their associates by common interests and convictions to form a homogeneous or disciplined organ of government. Nor are they sufficiently divided from their opponents to provide an alternative to one another. The Republican

party, it is true, has a genuine function to perform. It is the chosen agent in politics of the business interests of the country, and as such it represents the ruling practical activity of American life. But the business interests of the country are united only in so far as their rule is attacked. Whenever they or their political agents have to deal with a question of positive national economic policy, they can rarely pull themselves together. They call themselves the constructive party, but they have recently shown themselves incapable of constructive legislation about the agrarian depression, the railroads, the coal industry, the public utilities or any subject of major economic importance. The Democrats, for their part, are equally incompetent to take advantage of Republican negligence and dissensions. Mr. McAdoo tried to put energy and meaning into the Democracy, as the aggressive opponent of a Republicanism which operated chiefly for the benefit of big business, but his party rejected him and his policy and preferred to nominate a candidate who in this respect was a good Republican. Since then, whenever the stand-pat Republicans agree, as they did upon the program of tax revision and upon the support of Coolidge in Mexico and Nicaragua, the Democrats agree too, but they agree with the Republicans; and when the Republicans differ from one another, as they do upon the McNary-Haugen bill and upon prohibition, the Democrats differ too, but they differ from one another rather than from the Republicans.

The government of the United States is a party government without party responsibility. It is a government by general consent, mitigated by general incompetence and negligence. Both parties are responsible for prohibition, and neither is capable of trying to modify the law without breaking to pieces. The party of Bryan no less than the party of Roosevelt has ceased to struggle against the paramountcy of big business in the political and economic life of the country. Yet both do so with an uneasy conscience and in spite of the opposition of a minority of their members. Both parties have for generations

acted as if the more centralized organization of American economic and social activity required the assumption of increased political responsibilities by the federal government. Yet the leaders of both parties now declare that the federal government which through the courts protects wealth and business against attack should have as little as possible to say about the socialization of these activities. The organizations of both parties are afraid to engage in warfare about the really serious issues which divide American opinion. Any ferment which stirs the protoplasm of either party acts from the point of view of party cohesion as a destructive ferment. This failure of responsible party government has a demoralizing effect upon the legislative activities of Congress. The dominant party, which is, of course, the Republican, has reduced its former rivals, the Democrats, to the position of accomplices. Barring accidents, it can hardly fail to win national elections, but it pays high for its victories. In order to neutralize its official opponents, particularly during Presidential campaigns, it had to domesticate in its own household many of its real enemies.

Congress is divided not into parties, but into blocs within parties, and legislation depends, particularly so far as the Senate is concerned, chiefly upon log-rolling among blocs. The Republican steering committee during the closing days of the recent Congress wholly incapable of transacting public business. The reckless tactics of Senator Reed of Pennsylvania in forbidding an effective investigation into electioneering corruption in his own state betrayed not only the desperation of a politician whose machine was threatened with a disastrous exposure but also the exasperation of a Republican regular, the management of whose party had in several notorious instances failed to meet what he took to be fair demands for patronage and protection. He was the victim of a morbid impulse to run amuck. When a party is as disorganized for purposes of legislation as the Republicans are at present, a legislative body which the party leaders ought to control but cannot, becomes the easy victim of the passions of its more

violent members.

Be it admitted, consequently, Congress is not wholly responsible for its own legislative incompetence. It is accustomed to operate by means of disciplined parties, and it is not organized to operate without them. But although Congressional leaders can console themselves with this alibi, they cannot afford to be satisfied with it. Congress remains a semi-independent, self-conscious and extremely important organ in the national political body. If it wishes to preserve the respect of the community, it must show some understanding of its own ineptitude and some realization of its neglected power to govern itself. It is capable of exercising more self-control and showing more concern for its responsibilities than it now does. Some, at least, of its failures are traceable to easily remediable defects in its own composition and its methods of transacting public business. If these defects were cured, Congress, instead of advertising and increasing the general political disorganization of the country, might check its ravages and do something to win back its own gravely compromised prestige.

The needed improvements in Congressional make-up and procedure are more fundamental and less objectionable than the proposed alterations in the Senate rules. It would be unnecessary to impose additional limitations on freedom of debate in the Senate provided Congress would take the trouble to arrange for itself more control over its own time. The opportunity to filibuster under the existing Senate rules is created by the clause in the Constitution which requires that the second session of a Congress come to an end three months after it begins. If Congress would submit to the states the Norris constitutional amendment which starts the first session of future Congresses a few weeks after they are elected and starts their second session a full year before the two-years' term expires, unscrupulous Senators with special interests to protect, like Senators Phipps of Colorado and Reed of Pennsylvania, would no longer be able to hold up public business

and prevent a majority of the Senate from legislating as it thought best. This particular reform has in one form or another been discussed for fully fifty years. It deals with a serious evil which impairs the representative value of Congress and hampers its practical efficiency. It is an essentially non-contentious remedy, and it does not involve any violation of tradition or any dislocation of existing interests. The other suggested reform in Congressional procedure is more contentious, but it is no less essential. Many of the quarrels which disorganize the work of Congress are merely reflections of misunderstandings between Congress and the administration; and the most promising way for Congress to alleviate these misunderstandings would be that of authorizing cabinet officers to participate in its own proceedings. Any Congress at any time could try out this project by passing a joint resolution offering members of the Cabinet the hospitality of the two Houses for the purpose of answering questions urging or discussing administrative policies. This innovation has also been frequently suggested, and for two reasons it is becoming year by year increasingly necessary. Hitherto the task of coördinating the executive with the legislative branch has been confided to the party organizations. The recent relaxation of party discipline has increased the friction between the President and Congress. Yet it is more than ever desirable that the two functions should both check and supplement each other. For with the increased size of the country and the increasing complexity of its life, the administrative aspect of government necessarily expands and assumes many new functions, and this huge machine needs to be more carefully watched by Congress than ever, and held to more strict accountability. That is why Congress spends so much of its time in investigating the departments. But useful as these investigations are, a government cannot live on them or by their light. Congress and the administration need to cooperate in order to make investigation unnecessary, and how can they cooperate unless they arrange officially for mutual consultation and adjustment ? A Congress which does not provide for improved

coopération with the Executive will never be able satisfactorily to govern itself or the United States.

THE FAR HORIZON
TO ALL OPPRESSED PEOPLES AND CLASSES
The Crisis - October 1927

THE MORE one reads the literature as sent out by the Brussels Congress against Colonial Oppression, the more one is impressed by its earnestness and ability. A “Manifesto to All Oppressed Peoples” is the latest offering from which we quote:

The proud edifice of European and later of American capitalism has been erected on the sweat and blood of the colonial peoples. Horrible slavery, inhuman maltreatment, forced labor and in some cases the complete extermination of whole races and cultures so that scarcely the name remains, have been the means to this end. ...

The end of the 19th and the beginning of the 20th century saw the final division of the world between a group of imperialist powers. A few great powers at the bidding of a small group of individuals controlling immense stores of accumulated capital, brought the whole world under their control with the assistance of rifles and bayonets and the most modern murder technique. The struggle of these imperialist powers amongst themselves for the last stretches of undivided land, and the demand of countries more recently imperialist for the redivision of the world led finally to the greatest catastrophe and greatest crime in the history of the world—the great World War.

But this fearful cataclysm which

drenched the land of the two Continents with blood did not abolish, the awful system of which it was itself the fruit. The imperialist powers are grimly hanging on to the booty which threatened to slip from their hands and which they paid so much to retain. The murder of millions of men, including hundreds of thousands of colonial slaves from India and the African possessions of France, did not end the mad scramble for possession. Fascist Italy has taken the place of imperialist Germany in the struggle for colonial possessions. Even in Germany itself, the privileged classes who have restored their economic and political power and forgotten the bitter taste of foreign rule are again striving to win for themselves the right to oppress other peoples.

That is the inexcusable logic of the system under which mankind is groaning. The present economic system which exhausted the European masses during the war is to-day less than ever able to exist without the, subjection of whole nationalities and the resulting excess profits. The less capitalism is in a position to ensure the well-being of the European masses and above all of the proletarian masses, the more it is compelled to seek markets for its goods on foreign continents which can be controlled by force. The development of monopolist capital transformed a small clique in the imperialist countries, above all in the Anglo-Saxon countries, into the masters of the world.

The World War showed the deep divisions of world capitalism, but not only that, the imperialists were compelled to set up the slogan of self-determination as a way out of their difficulties. After the war, the oppressed and enslaved peoples took the imperialists at their word. A mighty movement for national emancipation

passed over immense territories in Asia, Africa and America. The banner of revolt was raised in China, India, Egypt, North-West Africa, Indonesia and the Philippines. This great movement received a mighty impetus from the Russian revolution which smashed the power of Russian imperialism, freed hundreds of races and Nationalities exploited by the Tsarist Empire and established the rule of the proletariat upon the basis of a free federation of free peoples. The Workers State is the flaming torch lighting the oppressed peoples of the world along the path to freedom and independence. This mighty will to freedom and independence will never again be broken. Only fools can believe that the civilization of today and of the future will be confined to Europe and the United States of America. The struggle of the Asiatic, American and African peoples for national emancipation in alliance with the proletariat of the imperialist countries, is the force which will abolish international capitalism and civilize the whole world.

SOCIAL EQUALITY

L. HUTCHERSON writes

* us from Emporia:

Emporia! a city of some 18,000 population, in north central Kansas, the seat of two colleges, and the Gazette, edited by William Allen White! But, in Emporia they have a Young Men's Christian Association! Well, so have several hundred other cities, small towns and villages!

Why make reference to the Y.M. C. A. in Emporia?

Because, in its membership, you will find boys of all the race and national groups that live in the city. Yes, Negro boys! Using the building, to be sure. The Father and Son Banquet for colored men and their boys have been held in the building for five years.

Each year, the Civic Clubs of Emporia, cooperate with the Y. M. C. A.

in sending a group of under-privileged boys to the State Y. M. C. A. Boys' Camp. And for six years they have included Negro boys. This year—1927, eight of the forty boys sent to camp are colored.

In the game rooms; lobby; on the Gym. floor and in the pool! Yes, in the pool, you will find Negro boys! Yes, Emporia has a Klavern of the Ku Klux Klan. But, it also has L. A. Duffy, City Boys' Work Secretary, De Witt Lee, General Secretary, William Allen White and the Emporia Gazette. And would you believe it, there has been neither an earthquake nor falling of the stars in Emporia!

We take this paragraph from The Survey:

An experiment in race relations, begun in a small way two years ago, will be part of the Summer School for Workers in Industry at the University of Wisconsin. Each Negro girl enrolling for the six-weeks' course in English, economics and physical education for "girls who work with the tools of trade" will be offered the choice of living in a Negro home known to the University as a satisfactory boarding-place, or in a campus house in which girls of both races live on an equal footing. A centrally located house with accommodations for twenty girls has been secured.

It has two connecting livingrooms, suitable for general meetings, and will provide a center for the entire industrial group. A university Y. W. C. A. secretary will act as chaperone. The white residents will be those who, before coming to the school, signify their desire to

take a part in this inter-racial experiment. And yet despite this, in Flushing, almost a suburb of New York City, colored boys, including the son of the Executive Secretary of the National Urban League, have been refused membership in the Y. M. C. A. This building was erected opposite the public high school and high school students and citizens, colored and white, were appealed to to help build it.

THE STRUGGLING SOUTH

THE Macon (Ga.) Telegraph has a long editorial on the "Aspects of the Problem"".

The question of the relations of the white and colored races in this country is being illuminated from several angles just now by an almost simultaneous series of events. The Supreme Court's decision on the Texas primary case, of course, is the most conspicuous of these. The New Orleans segregation ordinance is being argued before the same court, with the prospect of a decision favorable to the Negro plaintiff. The reduction of the sentences of twenty Negro mutineers who killed their white officers and terrorized the city of Houston, Texas, in 1917 probably will have its reaction in that state. Senator Cole Blease, of South Carolina, has returned to his constituents with the report that white supremacy is at stake in the Pennsylvania and Illinois ballot scandals. The University of Georgia was recently treated to a demonstration of what a zealous worker for more equable race relations may look for in certain quarters in the South. Literature and the stage are dealing with phases of miscegenation and kindred matters with a

frankness that would have been disastrous to the public peace a few years ago —witness Lulu Belle, Ninth Avenue, All God's Chillun Got Wings, The Sailor's Return and almost any number of others which hardly ruffle the surface of today's strong currents.

Those in the South who are more interested in peace and a square deal than they are "keeping the nigger in his place" are still liable to bitter and powerful opposition, as an assistant secretary of the University of Georgia's Young Men's Christian Association recently discovered. This young man had been assisting in inter-racial meetings in and _ about Athens. His work came under the scrutiny of one of the most influential members of the board of trustees of the university, who immediately demanded his official head and a large chunk of his body. The consequent uproar on the campus drove him off and the secretary still holds his job, in spite of being accused of treason to "white supremacy" and affiliation with the Russian Soviet Government. The most instructive part of this episode was the immediate and vociferous protest of the students against the trustee's intention. College students, in mass, are seldom much interested in or worried by unpleasant things that may happen to Y. M. C. A. secretaries. Their reaction in this-case would seem to indicate that there is one group of Southern students which is more interested in justice and a reasonable amount of personal liberty than they are in maintaining a fetish of "supremacy."

This supremacy business is coming to a new turn in the road. A very considerable portion of the dominant race is

coming to look upon a supremacy based on artificial and unnecessary barriers and discriminations as nothing much to be proud of. A goodly portion of the white population begins to see that, although there may be and often is good and sufficient reason for binding a person's legs, there is no great glory in distancing him in a foot race while the gyves are on his feet.

It is coming to be seen that the Negro is working toward a goal separate from that of the white race, although their paths must run parallel. The racial aims and aspirations of the Negro are coming to be respected and encouraged by his white fellow citizens as legitimate and desirable. White persons are beginning to see that there can be no lasting benefit in keeping a portion of the population as closely approximating serfdom as can be encompassed by community custom and devious legal technicalities.

To this we may append two occurrences in North Carolina:

In the Durham Morning Herald for August 5, 1927, appears an article under the caption "CONSCIENCE HURT HIM; SURRENDERS." This article relates an incident wherein Manly Justice shot and fatally wounded Earl Williams, both white, and says in part: "After Williams had been wounded by one bullet fired by Justice. Williams begged him not to shoot again, promising to tell officers that a Negro had done the shooting if his life were spared."

Williams maintained until death that a Negro shot him when he was really shot by Manly Justice, white.

Before the truth of the matter referred to above was made known, a mob, or posse, had instituted a “man-hunt” for “a” Negro.

In the press of August 15, 1927, appeared an article under the caption “FATAL ACCIDENT CAUSES ARREST OF BUS DRIVER”; this article said in part:

“Baswell Green, Negro, is dead and Everett Fish, white, bus driver is out under bond on the charge of manslaughter. . Another Negro was seriously and probably fatally injured, while four white people received injuries of varying degrees of seriousness. Sweeping down Vickers Avenue at a rate of speed estimated by a passenger at around 40, the bus met the lighter car as the latter was crossing the intersection. Through the impact of the collision the bus was overturned and the other car knocked approximately 20 feet. Following an investigation by the police into the accident, which according to their findings, showed the car occupied by the Negroes had the right of way, under the terms of the state law, a warrant charging manslaughter was served on Fish. Bond in the sum of \$500 was given. . ~ In the same paper on the following morning appeared another article under the caption “WINSTON SALEM OFFICER IS DEAD \FROM IN.- JURIES”; this article said in part:

“Thomas G. Anderson, motorcycle officer, died today from injuries received last Thursday in a collision. Will Lowery, Negro, driver of an automobile truck, which collided with the motorcycle on which Anderson was riding, has been arrested on a charge of manslaughter

and is out under \$5,000 bond.”

From the facts brought out in these two cases, Everett Fish, the bus driver, was in the fault according to the state law, as a result of this he was placed under a five hundred dollar bond; however, no allegation was made to the effect that Will Lowery, the truck driver, was in the fault according to the state law, and yet, he was placed under a five thousand dollar bond.

A SERVANT OF AMERICA

R. WILLIAM H. HUNT who has served many years as United States Consul at St. Etienne, Loire, France, has been transferred to Guadeloupe.

Le Memorial de la Loire, the local paper says:

L'excellent consul des Etats-Unis et Mme. Hunt ont quitté, hier après-midi, notre ville, se dirigeant sur Bordeaux d'ot ils s'embarqueront le 27 courant pour le nouveau poste qui été-assigné 2 M. Hunt. Sur le quai de la gare de Chateaucieux, ils ont été salués par de nombreux amis qui leurs ont exprimé avec leurs regrets pour leur départ, leurs meilleurs souhaits de bonheur.

Citons: .MM. Jean Neyret, ancien maire; Jaray; Colcombet, Schuemacher, Rivoire, docteur Castaing, commandant Conze, Marius Delomier, Lassablière, Tardy, etc., ainsi que de nombreuses dames.

A St. Etienne on gardera longtemps | souvenir de ce couple charmant, qui avait obtenu chez nous entièrement dro't de cité.

What a curious way for the United States to reward a faithful public servant. Mr. Hunt is sent from a busy district in the center of France to a

tiny island in the Caribbean with no
increase in pay or standing.

DAYTONA BEACH—H. A. Patterson, city motorcycle policeman,
was thanked by a coroner's jury for killing
Will Prite, Negro, who was said to have
first fired at the officer. A verdict of
justifiable homicide preceded the expression of "thanks."

—Day by Day in Florida.
Mafia lynching site, in rear of Beauregard Square.
Take St. Claude, Esplannade or Canal Belt cars.
New Orleans, La., Public Service, Inc.

POLITICAL INTERNMENTS IN ITALY'
ELIMINATING THE DIFFERENT-MINDED
From Arbeiter Zeitung (Vienna Conservative Socialist daily),
January 25, 28
The Living Age - April 1, 1927

Since the attempt to assassinate Mussolini at
Bologna last November, the
Fascist Government has adopted strenuous
measures against its enemies, or
suspected enemies. Of these the most
oppressive is what is called confino de
polizia. So many people have suddenly
disappeared after these arbitrary
arrests that Mussolini, in order to lull
public resentment, has ordered that the
names of persons 'confined' shall not
be published.

The condition of these interned opponents of the
Fascisti has been misrepresented to the public.
For instance,
we are told that they receive a per
diem of ten lire for their subsistence,
when in truth it is only four lire, or the
equivalent of twelve or fifteen cents.
Official statistics as to the number of
people thus confined without trial are
contradictory. One week it was pub-

licly stated to be five hundred and twenty-two, and a week later it was reported as nine hundred and fortytwo. Since the lists are secret, the public naturally has no control over their accuracy. The procedure under which people who have made themselves unpopular with the present Government are interned is more arbitrary than that under which Russians were exiled to Siberia in the days of the Tsars. A man is confined by administrative order, without trial or sentence by a magistrate.

In each town the local fascio and the police compile a list of people they consider undesirable, entering after each name a history of the person's political offense or the reasons for suspecting him of disaffection. This list is submitted to a commission consisting of the local prefect, the chief of police, the district attorney, one officer of the carabinieri, and one officer of the Fascist militia. The commission condemns people to internment for from one to five years without hearing them in their own defense or bringing any formal charge whatever against them. The accused is not even notified that his case is under investigation.

Consequently he has no opportunity to prove his innocence either by his own testimony or by that of witnesses. Under the ordinance a person condemned to confinement is permitted to appeal to a central commission, presided over by an Assistant Secretary of the Interior, within ten days of the publication of his sentence. In numerous cases, however, the police manage to prevent the person from making use of this privilege. In a few cases Mussolini

has intervened personally and reconsidered such sentences. In instances where he has suspended or shortened sentence he has been careful to have the fact recorded in the press. A person marked for confinement is almost invariably arrested before the commission passes upon his case. As a rule he does not know even what the trouble is. If he is taken into custody on the street or at his place of employment, his family may not learn for several days where he is. He does not know his sentence until he has been in jail for a couple of weeks; he is informed of it only a day or two before he is transported to his place of internment, where he is to spend several years separated from the world, his family, and his trade or profession. His family is notified but a few hours before his departure, when it is permitted to have a ten-minute interview with him, but only in the presence of an agent of the police and a prison warden. These parting visits are generally heart-rending scenes.

No effort at concealment is made when the prisoner is taken away. He is carried to the railway station handcuffed and surrounded by a number of gendarmes. The public, which knows nothing of the circumstances, has every reason to suppose that the prisoner is a common criminal. -He is taken to his destination in the cell of a prison car, still handcuffed, and if his home happens to be in Northern Italy the journey lasts several days. Before the parting on this longer trip, however, he is usually detained for several days in the city jail at Milan, Genoa, Bologna, Florence, Rome, or some other

concentration point, where he is herded with common criminals. He has ordinary prison fare, — two small loaves of bad bread and a flask of water daily, — and is not unhandcuffed even when he eats. Confino de polizia is a euphemism for what is actually transportation. The public is told that only political agitators are thus punished. That is utterly false. Many of the men thus arbitrarily sentenced have never taken the slightest part in politics. They are often the victims of local quarrels, personal animosities, and professional or business jealousy. Fascist lawyers and physicians employ this device to rid themselves of troublesome competitors. The victims of these arbitrary measures are sent to Lipari, Ustica, Favignana, or Pantelleria, all places of ill repute, familiar in the songs of jailbirds and galériens. Italians are not very strong in geography, and probably five per cent of the people do not know where those prison islands lie. Everyone does know, however, that they are desolate and dreadful places of punishment — barren volcanic rocks without water or vegetation. They lie off the coast of Sicily, and have been used for many decades as detention places for the worst class of criminals. The only buildings are miserable huts of earth and stone, without windows or light — worse than any makeshift shelter ever erected in concentration camps for war prisoners. The principal business of the few inhabitants who are not on the islands by force of law is to get possession of the few pennies that the prisoners receive from the Government as their living allowance. The worst forms of degeneracy run riot, and stiletto duels and murders are common among

the prisoners. It was generally assumed that the political deportees would be separated from these criminals of the lowest type. But the Fascisti have out Bourboned the Bourbons themselves in their treatment of their political opponents, so that respectable men, and women of spotless lives, whose only offense is that they have independent opinions, are herded promiscuously with these vilest offenders against society.

Travelers who visit these islands are cautioned to take mineral water and provisions with them, for the rain water upon which the inhabitants depend is often dirty and contaminated. The climate is deadly — an alternation of snow in winter with broiling heat in summer. The miserable flat-roofed, windowless shelters, resembling Arabian toukouls, afford little protection against either heat or cold.

A majority of these political deportees have been sent to Ustica, a little islet less than a mile long and about half a mile broad. Frequent droughts make it necessary to bring water by boat from Sicily, and so primitive is the provision for this that three or four days sometimes pass without any water whatever reaching the inhabitants.

Alternating siroccos and northeasters cause great variations in temperature. The political exiles are supposed to be quartered in the fortress, but as there is no accommodation for them there they have taken up their residence in caves in the Java. At Favignana the political prisoners are housed in the outworks of Santa Catharina fortress, in what old Italian guidebooks describe as ‘the subterranean prisons of the

Bourbons, where the dreadful cell is shown in which Giovanni Nicatera was confined for a long period." Dysentery is playing havoc among these unacclimated prisoners, who are inadequately supplied with food and water, and have no physicians. Lampedusa, another island to which political offenders are transported, is somewhat larger — six miles long and about a mile broad. Here, too, respectable and law-abiding people, whose only offense is their belief in political freedom, are compelled to associate with ordinary criminals. Letters which they have smuggled back to their friends at home give a dreadful picture of the dirty and verminous conditions under which they are obliged to live. Their miserable food is confined to corn bread and boiled greens, and the dysentery is raging among them.

There is not a physician on the island. The luckiest of the sick are those who have a little damp straw on which to lie.

The first party of exiles, numbering two hundred and fifty, was sent to Lipari. They were simply dumped down on the island without any provision having been made to receive them. Several could find no shelter whatsoever. Many of them were ill from mental distress, worry over those whom they had left behind, the new experience of confinement in prison, and the hardships of a harrowing journey. They are worse fed than our war prisoners ever were, and they likewise have no medical care whatsoever. Some have secured accommodations in the so-called 'Castle,' which, to quote from a local guidebook, 'consists for the most part of dirty apartments

tenanted by criminals. The building is now in ruins, and is an indescribably dismal place.'

The only district on the mainland to which political offenders have been sent is the villages of Potenza, a place quite as desolate and God-forsaken as the islands of the coast of Sicily. The people are as primitive as the wildest Albanian mountaineers. These villages are in the high Apennines, at an elevation above three thousand feet. They are completely isolated from the lowlands, and have no water, physician, or school. The buildings are of stone and mud, one story high, and lighted only by a hole in the roof. Here the deportees are quartered upon the villagers. Men, women, children, and animals live together. There are no facilities for washing or shaving or changing clothes. The nearest point having the slightest pretensions to modern civilization is several hours' journey away by mule-back. Soap is something utterly unknown. Many of the deportees in this section also have already fallen ill from their hardships.

Immediately upon arriving at his place of internment the prisoner is given a printed card to which he must affix his signature. It reads as follows:

The Holder

- (1) must not under any circumstances have leave his place of internment;
- (2) must not change his quarters without previously notifying the secret police;
- (3) must not go abroad after 5 p.m. or before 7 A.M.
- (4) must not carry any weapon or any other object that may serve as a weapon, such as a walking stick, nor have any such

object in his possession;
(5) must not visit any public house or restaurant or other public place;
(6) must not attend public meetings, theatres, or entertainments;
(7) must conduct himself in an orderly manner so as to give no ground for complaint or suspicion;
(8) must on every Sunday, and oftener if required, report at the office of the secret police;
(9) must always carry this card with him;
(10) must not visit other persons.

A certain irony characterizes this card, for there is nothing in any of the places of internment that even remotely resembles a public house or a place of amusement, to say nothing of theatres. The prisoners are under constant guard. Such information as we print has been procured by very risky strategy. Naturally, all letters received and sent by the prisoners are strictly censored. Those written by the unfortunates under confinement are for the most part appeals for bread and canned goods, or anything to eke out their miserable and inadequate fare, and exhortations to their families, who are often deprived of their only breadwinner, not to despair.

The Fascist Government employs two other measures against its political opponents — ‘warning’ and ‘notice.’ A ‘warning,’ which was previously used only in case of criminals, is equivalent to interning the person to whom it is directed in his ordinary domicile. He cannot leave the place where he lives without a police permit. He must not eg [have any intercourse whatsoever with people under the suspicion of the Government. He must be in his house at certain hours, usually from 10 or

or 11 p.m. until 7 a.m. Police agents invade his home at all times of the night to see that this order is obeyed. 'Notice' is a public police warning to 'conduct yourself according to political or regulations." A person who receives this notice is not permitted to leave his place of residence without an official permit. Anyone who has been either warned or notified is virtually a hostage of the Fascisti. He is kept under constant observation and is regarded as a candidate for internment. Great numbers of trade-union officers in Milan, Genoa, Florence, Turin, and other entities are thus constantly shadowed. people interned, the Italian papers, at Mussolini's orders, ceased to do so. Those known to be in actual internment include a large number of prominent teachers and professional men and women, among them several who distinguished themselves, or whose relatives distinguished themselves, in the war. As soon as it was discovered that the venerable leader of Italian Socialism, Turati, had escaped to Corsica a large number of his friends and associates were arrested, among them people of such prominence and popularity that indignation spread even to the Fascist camp. Men like Cardinal Tosi, several senators, and high army officers and officials, including the former mayor of Milan, protested, but in vain. After a few weeks most of these people were released, though still kept under police supervision. For example, Dr. Pini, who has a large practice in the highest circles of Milan, and among whose patients is the Governor's wife, is accompanied by a police officer on his professional rounds.

"Nanook of the North"

A TALK ON THE HABITS OF POLAR BEARS

By G. L. Andrews

Outdoor Life - December 1927

THE great white bear that makes its home around translucent intestine of the walrus, was the window. the North Pole—more on the sea than on the land—is known to the Eskimo people as Nanook. A few lean specimens that have been unfortunate instant. The gut curtain was ripped away, a long, powerful enough to find their way to the zoological gardens to be arm tipped with curving claws reached in. A black-tipped stared at on holidays are interesting, but on the ice-pack nose with two cruel black eyes above enti into the of the Arctic Ocean, Nanook arouses a new feeling. When window as Kitick gathered her brood, six of them, and ran you find his huge footprints at the door on a dark winter for the little door. The dim light of the oil lamp showed morning, or when his broad face stares in at a window on a_ the open mouth with the sharp fangs, the monstrous paw winter night there is suddenly an intensified realization of | reaching down as Nanook struggled to push his body thru the potentialities of the monster of the North. It looms the opening. As Kitick put the last baby thru the door up with all the terrifying immensity that the saber toothed and shut it the big hairy body dropped to the floor. But tiger assumed to the skin-clad cave-dwellers, and for an Kitick and the babies were outside and Akadrigak arrived instant you sense the breathless paralysis of primitive fear. with the dogs just in time to put an end to the prowling Nanook occupies a commanding place in the life and marauder of the night.

THE mind of the Eskimo. Since the high-powered rifle has come Nanook comes ashore but seldom; it is only when a the old-time dread has gone, but it still lives in the folk lore roaming, hungry wanderer fancies an easy meal may be stories and in the tales of the olden time as the Joup garou found, or when mamma bear seeks a den where the coming lives in the legends of the Canadian woods. In the eeeleel- little ones may safely be brought into the world of snow eegah yacht, which means the child's play, the cat's cradle and ice. The sea gives the means of supporting life, the of the Eskimo, on the nimble fingers four figures grow on _ seal, the walrus, or the whale cast up on the beach, all of

the mysterious strings, three little girls and a polar bear. which are meat for Nanook, so the ocean is its home. Its

As the player pulls the strings the bear pursues and the _ real habitat is the polar ice, on which it formerly came as

children run. One little girl escapes, the next one disap- far south as to St. Matthew's Island in the middle of the

pears, but the third is swallowed up by the bear amid Bering Sea, in winter, but when the ice pack retreats thru

ejaculations of excitement and horror almost as great as if Bering Strait into the fastnesses of the Arctic Ocean, then

the tragedy had been enacted in flesh and blood in the sight it goes to the North along with the pack. Sometimes it may

of the small spectators. be seen swimming in the ocean, miles from the pack, but

Up at Attanak, Kitick was at home with the children on headed for an icefield which may even be below the horizon

a winter night while Akadrigak was out on the ice for seal from the sight of the lookout at the masthead.

with the dogs. Had the dogs been at home there would The males roam all winter in search for food. The female

have been an uproar, but may find a convenient ice

they were away. All were cavern where the pressure

sitting in the 10x12 room, ridges have thrown up

with driftwood walls sod- masses in vigorous con

ded over outside, walls and fusion, or possibly a den

roof. Over all was the on shore. Sometimes it is

white, hard drift of win- " a snowbank drifted under

ter snow packed by wind a cliff where she hollows

and frost. Kitick always out a cave which is speed

called it "Mikeruk Igloo," ily drifted over with the

or too little house. A thin hard, drivng rains that

door of boards' from fly before the wind, and

boxes got at the trader's there she lies quiet till her

store opened into the little family, generally two

long passage of snow in number, arrive. By

blocks running out at the April the white, fluffy

front to keep the bitter haired cubs are out on the

cold from the door. sea ice with the mother

Double doors there were, who hunts for seal, or for

as all the northern a belated walrus that winhouses must

have. The tered in the northern pack.

little square frame at At this time the mother

the top, cover ed with A pressure ridge, or windrow,

on the Arctic Ocean sometimes falls a victim

to the hunters and the little ones are taken into captivity.

An Eskimo driver, crossing a pressure ridge, driving

his dog team and running behind the sled, broke into the den of a mother bear, where she was lying with her cubs. She awoke and reached her claw armed paws to seize the dangling feet, but fortunately he clung to the handlebars and was dragged out by the dogs just in time to escape the grip of the infuriated mother.

NANOOK is a tireless traveler in his search for food. ~ Mile after mile he wanders, swimming the leads, hunting for seal, creeping stealthily upon them if they lie asleep on the ice at the side of their breathing hole, or peering over the edge of a lead for a luckless one that unawares might come in reach of that claw-armed paw. The walrus is just as eagerly pursued.

The Arctic whaleship Narwhal was lying in the loose ice-pack near the field of heavy ice when a bear came along on the hunt. The lookout was in the "crow's nest" at the masthead, watching for the spout of a whale. Silence is the law on the whaler, for a noise might galley a bowhead with a thousand pounds of bone in its head, so Nanook was unmolested. He came on, intently scanning the water of the lead when he saw a walrus swimming along the edge. He flattened at the edge like a cat watching a mouse, blending the white of his coat With the snow. The walrus came on, unsuspectingly, until within reach of the crouching enemy. Nanook's great paw was raised and with a stroke like lightning came down on the back of the neck of the walrus, breaking the spinal cord. Then the bear plunged into the water, caught his victim with his teeth, climbed out on the ice, dragged out the thousand-pound body and made a meal of it.

NANOOK does not always come out scatheless from his encounters, according to the tales of the old Eskimos. Old Cookeek, the oldest of the Kivalinas, tells of finding a bear and a walrus, both dead on the ice, the bear pierced 10 Outdoor Life e] and Recreation by a tusk, the walrus so torn that it died of the wounds. Eskimo carvings depict battles of this kind that might be thought mythical were it not for these tales that come out from the northern ice desert that covers the wintry sea. In the days when the Eskimo had no firearms Nanook was a real menace to his life. To an Eskimo, watching a sealhole with spear in hand in the silence of the Arctic night,

his eyes fixed on the slender rod stuck thru the snow to tell when the seal came to get a breath, which was the instant the barbed shaft must be driven home for a capture, there was always the lurking danger that Nanook on his hunt might make him a prey in turn. There is a story at Tigara of two men who went to hunt seal. One was watching his hole and the other a little way farther on. Neither had other weapon than his knife and seal spear, and no dogs were with them. A bear stalked one who had just time to fall and pretend death while the other, seeing the danger, fled for life. The bear overtook the one who ran and killed him. The other ran away to the village. The villagers came out, followed the bear and killed him. The wife of the dead man was with the party and in her frenzy plunged her knife again and again into the body of the bear till the skin was cut into ribbons.

The tradition of the ten-footed bear, a monster that swam under the water and came up under the boats to pull them down into the depths, is widely spread among the northern tribes. It inspired terror in the olden days but has lost its magic among the younger generation. The coming of the modern rifle has changed all that so it is considered a piece of rare good luck to meet Nanook on the ice, but still sometimes he gives them a lively half a minute, one near Barrow dying but 15 feet from the muzzle of a repeater last year. Each year, during the flaw whaling in the spring, the whale boats are taken out to the edge of the flaw, where the lead splits the shore ice from the pack, and there, some ten to twenty miles offshore, they camp for a month, watching for the bowhead whale that passes to its northern summer home. At this time many bears are killed.

Two young polar bears caught by the camera
on the ice near Barrow, Alaska
At Barrow last season a
bear visited the camp when no
one was about, tore down the
cook tent, took a deerskin and
started to swim away. It
changed its mind for some
reason and came back to the
tent just in time to meet one
of the whalers who took revenge for the raid.
At Wainright a whaling crew looking

out on the wide lead of open
water saw a bear coming from
far out to sea, swimming di
rectly toward their station.
They took their rifles and
waited, knowing that in their white snow arteegees they
would not be seen. On came the bear, almost directly
to them, drew itself from the water, shook the water from
its coat, then, hearing the click of the rifle locks, turned
toward the men with a growl of defiance. A half dozen
rifles cracked and its powerful legs crumpled under it,
and it sank down without knowing what had struck its life
away.

THE Eskimos hunt the bear with dogs. The dogs, too,
dearly love the hunt and will attack at any time. Even
when in a team they are almost uncontrollable when a bear
is scented. When Hansen, the Danish movie operator who
was with Knud Rasmussen on his journey along the Arctic
coast, was in Prince William Land his dogs ran away with
the sled, attacked a bear while in the harness, and, thru
being impeded by the gear, one of the dogs was nearly killed,
being torn until her entrails protruded. She was rescued,
was operated on with rude surgery and continued the journey
to Barrow. At Kivalina, Cokeek tells that when he was
younger his team ran after a
bear on the ice and he had
nothing but a shotgun as a
weapon. The bear climbed on
a high ice hummock where the
dogs could not reach it and
Cokeek killed it with his shotgun.
Bears scent meat at long distances. Every one for miles
around will come to a dead
walrus, an oogoorook, or a
whale that lies in the ice or on
shore. A Tigara hunter
trailed a piece of meat for several miles on the ice, then left
it and climbed to the top of an adjacent hummock where he
could command it with his rifle. A bear came and he killed
and skinned it. Another came with the same result. A third
came, but being only wounded it ran to an open place and
plunged in, only to be killed. The man is said to have frozen
his hands badly in getting it out of the water.

The greatest kill of the Arctic is said to have been made in the late days of the past century, at Cape Parry, by a whaling captain named Williams. On going up the beach he saw some Eskimo women running toward him. On meeting them they said:

“Plenty Nanook! Plenty Nanook!” and they pointed to the cape farther on.

Captain Williams went cautiously to the highest place, looked over and saw a whole herd of polar bears, big and little, feasting on the carcass of a whale that had stranded a gunshot away. He went back to his ship, got his rifle and a supply of cartridges, then went to the cape and from its protection within a few days shot and killed thirty-five bears. This is the biggest bear story of the Arctic.

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Keeping the Convalescent Child Amused

By ELIZABETH LIPPINCOTT DEAN

Anne Shriber

Parent's Magazine - March 1927

MOTHER, what can I do now?” This question coming from her convalescing boy or girl has puzzled many a mother. So long as her child has remained well and happy the average mother of today has relied upon him to supply his own amusements, for an active boy or girl is rarely at a loss to discover something to do. But, when that same child is obliged to stay in bed, where his activity is limited, he is dependent for his resources upon what others can suggest to him.

There is, however, fun to be had by the convalescent child every day even though he does have to spend the hours in bed. Wholesome, happy amusements are always available, through which he may interpret his own world of interests. These amusements may range from the stringing of bright colored wooden beads for the three-year old, to the writing of movie plots, or the construction of a radio set by the teen-year-old boy or girl. The amusement should be fitted to meet the

real need of each child, but the end which is to be accomplished is the same for all. It is through varied interests in matters outside of himself that the convalescent child is helped to forget his ill. He helps himself back to health, and returns more quickly to his accustomed place in his family and in his group, if he is kept interested and contented while recovering from an illness. Before attempting to entertain or to amuse a convalescent child, be sure that the room in which he must spend his time does not irritate or annoy him. One must understand his likes and his dislikes. Remove as far as possible any disturbance that may take even a little of his strength, such as the rattle of a door, the flap of a curtain, or an intense light which may hurt his eyes. Sometimes shadows, or the very wallpaper pattern itself, may take on grotesque forms, or become distorted faces which haunt a sensitive child. By changing the light, or by using a screen or a hanging, these queer shadows can be made to disappear. Next clear the room of any objects which may cause fear or dread, such as bandages or appliances associated with painful dressings or treatments.

DIVERSION of ever-increasing interest for most convalescent children, is the pleasure associated with mealtime. To some children the planning of the tray and the talking over of the menu is of great interest. Others prefer the fun of a surprise. For the child on a diet, or the one who has no desire to eat, variety in the way the meal is brought to him may stimulate his appetite. Use the very best china for the tray sometimes. Serve the meal on doilies. Change the dishes one day, or another day, pack it picnic fashion in a basket. The orange or the egg may be served in novel ways which vary the monotony of the prescribed breakfast. The listless child may be encouraged to finish his meal to the last crumb if a gift or a joke is revealed at the end of it. When he finds on his tray some message or remembrance from a child companion it makes him wish to gain strength rapidly, and to take his place again with well children.

The desire of the convalescent child for playmates of his

[problems with optical scan]

books may be made real to him. children live in other countries, or under different conditions here in his own country, they will be interesting to an isolated little patient. Public libraries supply varied lists of books selected for boys and girls. Their records very frequently furnish an analysis written by the children themselves, telling why they like a story. It is important to get the point of view of the child when choosing books for him. Other lists of reading may be had from the Headquarters of the Boy Scouts or the Girl Scouts and there are magazines published by these organizations which make a strong appeal to the child of scout age.

AFTER a small child has been absorbed with a book, he will frequently find it great fun to reproduce with paper and pencil scenes from these stories. His drawings will probably vary from showing the irate "Three Bears," to the porridge bowls which Goldilocks has sampled. After illustrating the story it is but another step for the child to imagine himself to be the leading character and to act the part. A child of eight may be amused by such a game. For days at a time he will imagine himself a Captain Kidd or a Robin Hood, If some member of the household is found who enters into the fun, the familiar furniture may be referred to in ships' terms, or transformed by the magic of imagination into woody haunts. With the use of proper vernacular, "Aye, aye, sir," "Walk the plank" or "Lower the portcullis," the atmosphere of the sick room may be completely changed. The child's sense of humor makes him enjoy his imagined freedom and unlimited power, although, in reality he is hampered by the narrow limits of bed.

THE restlessness of the convalescent child and the monotony of his routine days disappear in proportion to his growth of interest in other matters. He may tire easily of one amusement, but putting it aside and taking up some other will in itself be refreshing. This makes it desirable to have a supply of materials on hand, things which may be combined, arranged and rearranged to respond to his fancy of the moment. Kindergarten supply houses may be called upon for a great many different kinds of play materials suitable to a wide range of ages. There are paper and

cardboard cut-outs of great variety, crayon work, paint books, stencils, transfers, sewing-cards of many types, worsted work, equipment and material for simple forms of handcraft. Most toy departments carry a variety of puzzles. Complete sets of mystery or of black-art amusements as well as books of tricks and of card games are always to be found in book shops.

In the average home, however, one must use the material at hand. Originality and imagination can work wonders. Toy men can be made of beans and wooden toothpicks, animals created of corks and paper, and doll-house furniture manufactured from safety match-boxes. A side of a shoe box for the series of cartoons or of comics pasted together to form the long ribbon of the film, and two lead pencils used as reels to unroll from one and to rewind on the other, may form the foundation for the nursery movie. Little girls enjoy furnishing a house by cutting from the magazines pictures of tables, rugs, beds, bathroom fittings and kitchen equipment, arranging them appropriately and pasting them on blank pages. Riddles and jokes collected from old magazines may be pasted into a notebook. When some joke can be “tried”? on the doctor, the child, knowing the answer, enjoys his sense of superiority. Boys like to make their own picture puzzles by mounting a colored illustration on cardboard and cutting it into confusing sections for some one to fit together. There is no lack of material. It is the selection and the suiting of it to the child that is the important consideration.

THE child under three years of age who is convalescing should have as playthings such common objects as spools, keys, bright balls, objects he can easily handle.

Children between the ages of four and six years, find amusement in such toys as wooden soldiers, tops, toy animals, Noah’s ark, windmills, and such picture books as show the lives and the activities of children of their own age. Children of this age want to make things happen. They love best such toys as help them to work out simple

plots. It is at this stage of development that the child even when convalescing, is interested to do things for himself—to wash his face, comb his hair, brush his teeth. This fact is made use of in the Montessori toys, which give the child practice in hooking, in lacing, or in the handling of buttons. In this way he learns to dress himself

Children of seven, eight and nine years, usually show a growing desire to construct, to know the why and the how of mechanics. This child wants to investigate the inside of clocks, to tinker with roller skates, and to make aeroplanes of paper. Since the convalescent boy can not manipulate the saw or the hammer, he should be encouraged to make the plans for the bird houses, or the flower box, the boat or the wagon he plans to build when up and about. The girl convalescent often enjoys sewing or embroidering some simple design. Both boys and girls enjoy the coloring of bird pictures, either with crayons or with water colors.

Children of ten to twelve years are generally lovers of outdoor activities; therefore, the amusements offered to the boy or the girl obliged to stay in bed, should give promise of future good times. The cording of a fish net, the tying of various knots required in Scout tests, the practice of wig-wag or the telegraph code, and the sorting out of last year's fishing tackle, form happy occupations. The girl may find amusement in designing a monogram from her initials. The arranging and labeling of nature collections and minerals, the arranging of stamp collections delight children who have the collecting instinct. Raffia work and bead work offer a pleasant opportunity for originality.

Children in their early teens find informative books interesting. Books containing plans for flower gardens, or information on the care of pets that are dear to the heart of children of this age, will often absorb hours at a time. Because of interest in his own tool chest, his own camp outfit or other possession, the boy will pore over catalogues of equipment. The girl shows a special interest in her own room and in planning its furnishings. She may find she can make many attractive things for it by the clever use of paper. A paper flower outfit includes materials and instruction necessary for creating many different kinds of

flowers, and shows ways of using them to decorate lamp or candle shades, dressing-table articles or desk sets.

Of course the task of keeping the child amused falls chiefly on the members of a household. One mother made the daily trips of the postman an event to be anticipated by her patient. She had written to some dozen firms, complying with their suggestion, "write to-day for our free sample sent upon request." This had placed the family's name upon the firms' mailing list, and brought innumerable small packages to the child. The growing collection of the samples of soap, face powder, perfume, cold cream, and breakfast foods, amused the child repeatedly, as he compared, sorted, packed away, or traded his treasures.

An element of novelty or of surprise is sure to please the convalescent. A gay hatbox contained a mysterious package of irregular shape. Upon examination it was found to contain different colors of tissue paper, about six inches wide, wound as a ribbon into a loose irregular ball. As each color of the paper was unwound, a small gift was revealed. These favors included a box of Japanese water flowers, a mouth organ, a box of plasticine, small pads of paper, a pair of and other trifles. This "Wonder Ball" was made to last for some time, and to carry with it the fun of guessing what the next gift might be.

At last the long anticipated day arrives when the convalescent child may sit up in a chair at the sunny window. Here he will often entertain himself by seeing the boys and girls pass on their way to and from school, or by watching them at play. Here is an opportunity to use the wig-wag for messages, or to try out an original system of communicating the news of the day. The time may come when the child feels sorry for himself because he is losing out in the sport of the season. but in spite of this, he has been somewhat compensated by the satisfaction derived from other amusements. This is especially true when his diversions center around some approaching birthday, Thanksgiving, or some fête day. 'The making of a gift or favor, the decorating of a card or a novelty, for a little friend, or a favorite teacher, furnishes happy amusements for hours at a time. These simple remembrances help to link the child again to normal interests outside his own home.

When the is nearly complete, the child very naturally longs for the company of children who have in terests and backgrounds similar to kis own. He longs for the competition in games and real play. A child visitor who may come in to see him should be made to realize that he is at all times responsible for the improvement of the spirits and for the happiness of his friend. With the help of his school friends, the convalescent may work over a radio set, or do craft work, constructing articles along the line of the shop work that has been going on at school since his absence. Materials and designs for this might be obtained through consultation with the teacher This is a possible way of keeping in touch with the activities of his class, and helps to bridge over the discouragement a child feels in returning to school routine after an absence of weeks. When he is able to show something he has accomplished while away, the attitude of his group will not be patronizing, nor his feeling of being left behind the others in the class so keen.

Amusements for convalescent children should never tax their returning strength. But their hours of recovery should not be idle. Through their occupations they should main tain their attitudes of creativeness, and their sense of usefulness. Their days of isolation should not make them indifferent to those about them. They should have been happily, normally occupied during their convalescence Then with real eagerness and alertness will resum«ç their place in family and group life.

Out of the Mouths of Babes *

Little Emily, aged four, was having a tea party with her mother and cousin. Pretending to be quite formal, her mother said: "Miss Emily, will you have your tea with or without ?"

After thinking a moment, Emily replied, 'Within, please.'

Mrs. M. E. C., St. Louis, Mo

AUNTIE "My goodness, Adele, aren't you ashamed of

carrying your kitty upside down?”

ADELE: “Well, you see, Auntie, the other end bites!”

G. T. M., Fort Worth, Tex.

Lewis’ mother explained to him that raisins and spinach contained iron which was what little folks needed. A few days later, spinach was served to Lewis which had not been properly cleaned, a thing which sometimes happens in the best of families.

“Oh, mother,” said Lewis. “This is surely good spinach.

I can bite right on the iron.”

Mrs. M. W. R., Evanston, Ill.

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